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WITH THE NATIONAL GUARD ON THE BORDER

HON. FRANK O. LOWDEN
Governor of Illinois
Formerly Lieut.-Colonel of the First Illinois Infantry

WITH THE NATIONAL GUARD ON THE BORDER

OUR NATIONAL MILITARY PROBLEM

BY

CAPTAIN IRVING GOFF McCANN, A.M., B.D.
Chaplain of the First Infantry Illinois National Guard

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TO
MY MOTHER

SARAH ANN MCGUIRE-MCCANN

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PREFACE

THE purpose of this book is to give a brief historical sketch of Mexico, one which will serve as a background for the past six years of turbulence; to give a resume of the most important events of these six years and to consider our future policy towards Mexico, involving the desirability or undesirability of intervention; to review the Quasi-Mexican campaign of 1916 from the standpoint of the National Guard and the influences, good and evil, which the President's Call to Arms had upon it. To go further than this: it is my purpose to indicate some of the drawbacks under which the Guard has labored in the past as well as the probable effect of its reorganization and its usefulness thereunder as a second line of defence; to consider briefly the problem of an adequate military program; to diagnose the sensitiveness of our Japanese-nervous-system and to evaluate our anti-militaristic, peace at any price, lovey-dovey, didn't raise my son to be a soldier, agitators. My intimate relationship with both the serving officers and men has given me a unique opportunity to interpret the feelings and mental attitudes of the soldiers in the field and of their families at home as well as an insight into the problems and causes

from which these mental attitudes spring. Finally, in the appendix, I have placed a brief history of the First Illinois Infantry, as fine an organization as there is in the United States, and affectionately known to all Illinoisans as the "Dandy First."

I take this opportunity to thank all those who have assisted me in the preparation of this volume. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* has been very generous in placing at my disposal its large collection of war illustrations.

My publishers have been obliging and courteous throughout and have assisted me wherever possible.

Especially do I wish to express my indebtedness to Dr. C. V. Mosby at whose suggestion I undertook to put in permanent form the Memories of the Tour of Duty of 1916.

CAPTAIN IRVING GOFF MCCANN,
Chaplain First Infantry Illinois National Guard.

Webster Groves, Mo.

FOREWORD

Headquarters First Illinois Infantry,
Chicago, May 14th, 1917.

SINCE placing my manuscript in the hands of the publisher, the President has again called our regiment to the Colors. For nearly two months we have been in the Federal service, war with Germany has been declared, Officers' Reserve Training Corps have been formed, the Ladies' Aid Society of the United States, otherwise known as Congress, has quilted some form of Universal Service, and the Commissions of Great Britain and France have come with their great messages of fraternal love and masculine challenge to welcome us into the World War, and to invite our Army to actively participate on the battle fields of France, and to teach our inexperienced Republic some of the lessons which they have learned at a terrible price.

Personally I am glad. I have felt for some time and especially since my experience during the summer of 1916 in the mobilization camps on the Mexican border, that the United States was lacking in National pride. Patriotism was ebbing fast, commercialism and selfishness were eating away the very heart of our National existence.

The mothers of America have learned to think only of their own firesides and the fathers of America to become selfishly imbued with the idea that if the nation is to be protected, the other fellow should be allowed to do it. War will change all of this. Instead of a National patriotism, with its narrowness, bigotry and hatred, there will come out of this world cataclysm, a *World patriotism.* The mothers of America will become mothers to humanity in all the sections of the earth, and the fathers of America will vie with each other as to who will make the greatest sacrifice for their country.

If Jesus had lived as other men, his religion and his philosophy would have passed away centuries ago. It was his death as a martyr that gave impetus to his teaching and that has made the philosophy and the religion he taught echo around the world. So will it be in this baptism of blood. Every soldier who dies upon the field of battle, in the detention camp, or base hospital, will be one more link in the universal chain that shall bind together the new civilization of the world. Every home made sorrowful by the loss of a son, husband, or father, will be one more altar upon which to burn the everlasting incense of country and humanity.

A new France, a new England, and a new Germany will arise from the ashes of their now devastated countries and a new United States will

come forth from this war with higher ideals, a purer patriotism, and a greater love for all the world.

Some questions are being asked by almost everybody, which I think it may be possible for me to answer at this time. The most important of all these questions is, "Should we, and will we go to France?" We most certainly should go, and we will go.

The earlier motives that may have brought on this colossal struggle, commercial and political jealousy and greed, have been entirely swallowed up in a larger issue, the liberty and freedom of mankind. It is now a war of democracy against tyranny, of right against wrong, and America must do everything in her power (which means men as well as money) to crush forever the ideas that are now held to and fought for by the Central Allies. When a world struggle is being waged for freedom and humanity, the Stars and Stripes should and must be flung to the battle's front. The sooner this is done, the better it will be for all concerned.

We must not count on a short war. Russia is out of the struggle for all practical purposes for at least a year. The reorganization of her domestic affairs, the prevention of counter-revolutions, and the gaining of a new momentum will take many months. This releases the pressure on the

Eastern front, and gives Germany several million additional soldiers to resist the attacks of the French and English on the West. Every man that the United States can raise should be sent to the battle fields of Europe at once, or as fast as we can equip and officer them. Training there, not here, is the only reasonable thing. We are no longer spectators of the great war,—we are participators, and we can not satisfy our consciences by feeding peanuts to the elephants; as a nation we have to don our uniforms and hit the sawdust path. Then when we reach the arena we must take possession of one of the rings in the great circus and perform so well that we shall eventually be sent to the center ring where the Stars and Stripes shall lead all the nations of the earth in its sacrifices, as well as its enjoyment of liberty and freedom.

Only one thing prevents the present war from settling forever the issues of right and wrong, militarism and peace, world avarice and world fraternity, and that is the presence of Japan on the side of the Allies. Logically her ambitions are the same as those of Germany, and she should, from every point of view, be with the Central Allies. I should not be at all surprised to see her swing to that side; and if she does, it will prolong the present war, but at the end, the world may look forward to a lasting peace, with democ-

racy forever enthroned as the modus operandi of all human governments. The much hoped for Parliament of Nations will then be assured.

The price in money and life will certainly be stupendous. The American people have no comprehension of just how much it is going to cost them to assist in redeeming the earth from misgovernment, but when we think of the free nations that will be born, what matters the cost? The finest thing that I have heard from any source since this present Call to Arms came from the lips of Danny Goodman's father, our splendid little Jewish prize fighter. Danny's father was born in Russian Poland and as a boy came to America as the Land of Promise for the oppressed of his race. Said he to a rich Hebrew jeweler of Chicago, whose utterances had not been very patriotic: "I tell you, sir, every Jewish family should give a boy to the government at this time to show our appreciation for the liberty that we Jews enjoy under the Stars and Stripes."

Another question which bothers a great many people at this time is, why the rest of our National Guard regiments have not been called to the Colors, and why the new army that we are to raise should not be officered by the Regular Army and National Guard rather than by a lot of untrained men that are going up to Officers' Reserve Training Camps. The reason is simple. The War De-

partment has had its hands tied awaiting the program of Congress, and there was no need of calling more National Guard regiments than were of value for actual patrol work. They will undoubtedly all be called in the near future, as soon as Congress gets through with its knitting.

As for the Reserve Officers' Camps, they are being organized to develop whatever latent military talent and training the young men of our country have, and from the thousands who go to these camps the best will be chosen for officers in our new conscript army; they will not displace the good men in the regular army, nor the trained men in the Guard. The Regular Army lieutenant will probably be made a major, the National Guard lieutenant will probably be made a captain, and the Reserve Officers' Camps, the Regular Army sergeants, and the National Guard noncommissioned officers will provide the lieutenants for our new army of a million men. At this time no one must be jealous of anyone else, we must all pull for Uncle Sam and be brothers-in-arms. The cynical look which the Regular Army sometimes shoots at the National Guard and the National Guard is now beginning to give the Officers' Reserve fellows, must be banished from every face. We will all get a just rating for whatever our merits deserve, and we must have a warm feeling of

friendship for every branch of our Country's service.

Finally there is Congress. We are all waiting for it to do something definite. The War Department is doing everything in its power to put the country in a state of defense and to prepare and equip a great army, but politics comes first with Congress, even before the honor and safety of the country. The men with German constituencies continue to block the way to an effective war; others are so afraid if they vote for an efficient conscription law they will be defeated at home that they are allowing their personal interests to affect their duty as patriots. Not all, but some Congressmen are the Country's greatest enemies at present. Oh! For an election now, so that we could clean house with some of these fellows and give the President, the Navy, and the Army the support they need!

With the National Guard on the Border

CHAPTER I

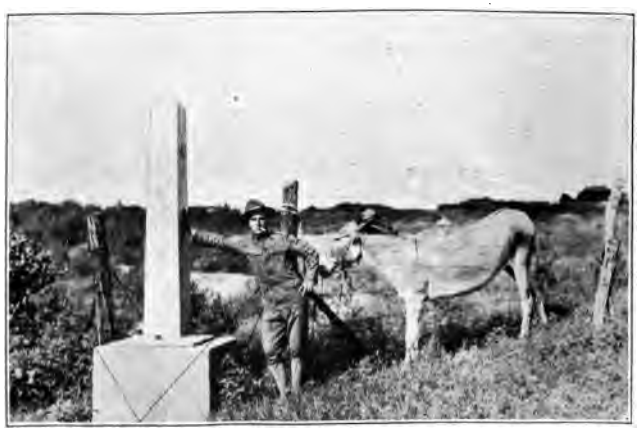
THE CAUSE

MEXICO, said to be the most beautiful country *in the World,* has had a history similar to that of Sicily, of which Stoddard has said:

"The history of Sicily for three thousand years, is little save the record of her warlike suitors, all of whom in their desperate struggles to possess her, often trampled her beneath their feet and well nigh caused her death from violence and loss of blood. No spot on earth has suffered more because of its desirable site and fatal gift of beauty. The number and variety of these conquerors is bewildering, but they at least attest the fascination of the object of their possession. Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthagenians, Romans, Goths, Byzantines, Normans, Spaniards, French and Italians have, during three millenniums, succeeded one another here and have all left behind them traces of their sway."

Within less than four centuries Mexico has witnessed the domination of the Aztecs, the Spaniards and the French, not to speak of a thousand internal revolutions and our own brief war of 1846.

While our country has moved forward for a hundred and twenty-five years with but one Civil



The boundary line between the heaven of American liberty and internal peace and the purgatory of Mexican filth, disease, illiteracy, despotism and revolution. These monuments on the international boundary stretch from six miles west of El Paso, where the Rio Grande ceases to be the boundary, to West Coast. They are presumed to be so placed that from one of them the next one in both directions may be seen with the field glass.

war, Mexico has had so many revolutions that it would require a counting machine to list them. Why is this difference? What is the Cause of their eternal misery and unrest and of our pres-

ent difficulties with them? Is the fault with their governors and leaders or is it with the people themselves? In the United States our institutions have been stable; the Church and State have fulfilled their functions without conflict, schools have been established everywhere; business, science and the arts have progressed unhindered. In Mexico, whose modern history antedates our own by a hundred years, nothing has been stable, the State and the Church have always quarrelled with each other and these quarrels have frequently led to bloodshed; no schools have been established, except in the cities for the rich, business has been conducted with foreign capital, during recesses between wars, and today Mexico is in turn a fresh wound and a clot of blood on the Western Hemisphere. Moreover, without the protection of the Monroe Doctrine, there is no doubt that Mexico would be a dependency of France or some other European Government. The Cause, to put it simply, is that *Mexico is not prepared for self-government,* having no capable, unselfish leaders and no stable, virile, justice-loving people, and without these elements, there can be no real democratic government. The leaders in Mexico's past history have been selfish demagogues, full of the lust of power and gold, and the common people have gladly accepted any leadership which offered them a living without toil. On the other hand, the rich Mexicans, who

boast of their Spanish blood, and despise their fellow countrymen as mongrels and Indians, do not care who governs as long as they are protected in their vast estates. Mexico is a land of the rich and the extremely poor; where the rich are so rich they do not care what happens to the government and the poor are so poor that fighting under any bandit or general is the easiest and best existence they can hope to have.

Mexican revolts have always been inspired by personal gain. From the days of the Aztec, whose government was harsher even than that of the Spaniard, *misrule* is all that the people have known. Out of this misrule, with its dual offspring of land grabbing and intermarriage, the sorrows of Mexico have come. The Spaniard instituted the feudal system in Mexico, carving out huge estates for the individual Spaniard and leaving to each Indian village a square league of land. These leagues have been held by the villagers in common and cultivated under the old Aztec system. The Indians were allowed to remain in abject ignorance, and knowing no higher standards and being naturally submissive, they were satisfied. But the Spaniard, while he despised the native Indians, did not maintain his racial integrity and consequently there has grown up in Mexico a mixed race of Mestizos who now outnumber the Spaniards six to one. These mixed peoples are always discontented, for,

A typical Mexican bandit—the night-rider of Mexico.

having usually a broader outook and a better education than the Indian, they are not satisfied to remain in the sphere of the Indian.

Another factor which has led to the present unhappy condition of Mexico is that the original square league of land has been taken away from the Indians through the scheming of the Cientifico party in order to force the Indians to labor on their estates; as long as the native Indians had their square league, they were relatively independent of the great land owners, having the choice of laboring or not laboring as they pleased. With the influx of European and American capital during the Diaz regime, the natives found that they could secure better wages from the foreigners than from the Spaniards and so ceased to labor for the great landowners.

To remedy this, the Cientifico party led President Diaz to dispossess the Indians of their lands, by force of arms and a great deal of bloodshed. With what result? At the end of President Diaz's regime the land which so many have thought he governed wisely and well, was in a volcanic condition. The peon classes, as illiterate and incapable as ever of self-government, were now dispossessed of their homes and ready for any murderous, revolutionary scheme that would furnish them with meat and drink. A view of Mexican statistics will be illuminating. There are, in Mexico, one million

white people, chiefly of Spanish descent; six million Mestizos and eight million pure Indians. What revolutionary possibilities such figures show! Add to them the facts of *illiteracy,* the *dispossession of lands* and the *selfish examples which their leaders, both in the Church and State,* have given them and the stage is set for Madero's revolution. To refresh your memory concerning the downfall of Diaz and the subsequent rise and fall of Madero, the following excerpts are taken from the Chicago *Tribune:*

June 26, 1910: Porfirio Diaz re-elected president of Mexico. Rebellion planned for election day frustrated by proclamation of martial law in border towns.

November, 1910: Insurrection breaks out in northern states; several important towns captured by insurgents; Francisco Madero proclaims himself "provisional president."

March 7, 1911: President Taft orders 20,000 United States troops, one-fourth of the army, to Mexican border and is reported to have given Mexico until May 1 to restore peaceful conditions or suffer American intervention.

May 10, 1911: Insurgents recapture Jaurez in fight costing many lives.

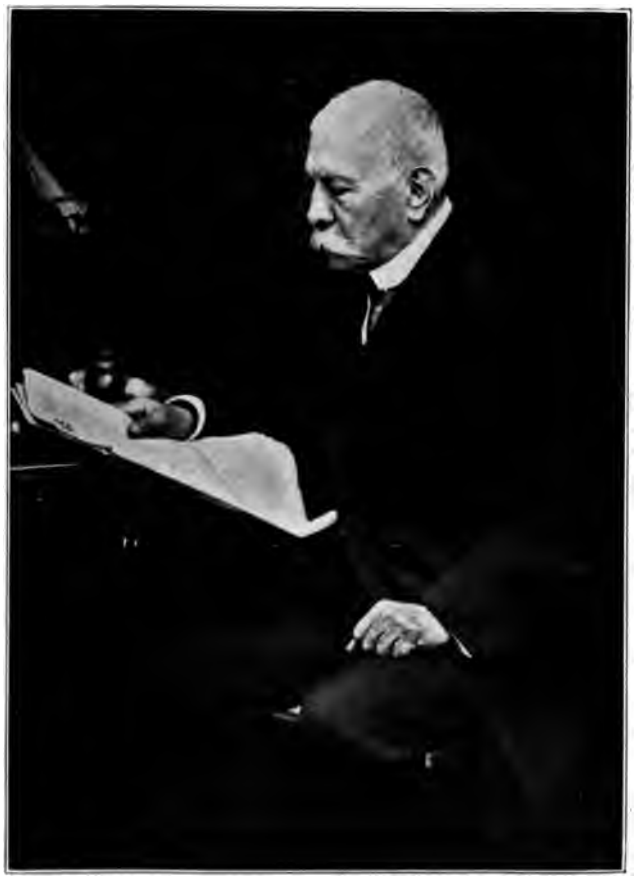
May 25, 1911: Diaz resigns presidency, and De La Barra is made president pro tem, pending new election.

June 6, 1911: Anti-Madero plot discovered among element custed with Porfirio Diaz.

August 2, 1911: Friends of Emilio Vasquez Gomez, who was forced by Madero to resign from the provisional cabinet, declare they will start a revolution against Madero.

October 1, 1911: Madero chosen president at general election, inaugurated November 6.

January to December, 1912: Fighting between Madero's troops



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President Diaz, for half a century dictator of Mexico.

and various insurgent bands allied to Gomez, Orozco, Zapata, Rajas, Campa and others.

February 1, 1912: Emilio Vasquez Gomez named for provisional president by anti-Maderistas.

February, 1912: Army leaders become hostile to Madero; fighting in the vicinity of Chihuahua; Orozco declines Madero's offer of governorship of Chihuahua.

March 14, 1912: President Taft issues proclamation forbidding shipment of arms into Mexico except for Mexican government.

April 15, 1912: Number of American citizens killed since revolt began estimated at eighty-five.

October 16, 1912: General Felix Diaz, nephew of deposed president, seizes arsenal and garrison at Vera Cruz.

October 23, 1912: Madero troops recapture Vera Cruz, Diaz taken prisoner, is court-martialed and sentenced to death, but is saved from execution by Madero. Diaz taken to Mexico City jail.

February 9, 1913: Army revolts in Mexico City, releases Diaz and Reyes, traps Madero in his palace and captures arsenal under the leadership of Diaz. Revolt may force United States to intervene; Wilson to decide future attitude toward Mexico. Troops and navy ready. *Records of State Department show more than one hundred Americans have been killed.*

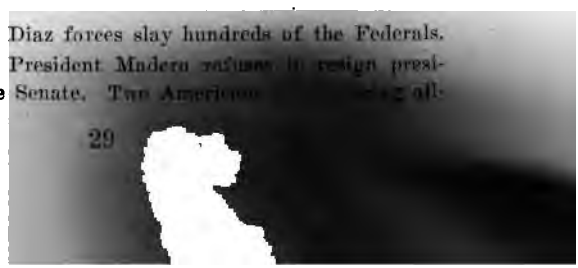
February 12, 1913: United States troops ready for Mexico. Taft orders battleships to go. Situation at crisis. All-day battle in streets of Mexico City. Major-General Wood orders transports put in readiness to carry troops to the border.

February 12, 1913: Six hundred Americans flee capital. One American man wounded and two American women killed—Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Griffiths.

February 13, 1913: Bayonet battle in Mexico City. Wreck American Club.

February 14, 1913: Diaz forces slay hundreds of the Federals.

February 15, 1913: President Madero refuses to resign presidency on demand of the Senate. Two American [illegible] all-



day battle in Mexico City streets. Ambassador Wilson near death when rifle ball hits wall near his head.

February 16, 1913: Senate Sub-committee hears of outrages on Americans by Mexican rebels. Witnesses describe the murder of American citizens and the plunder of their property. Witnesses testify that the hostility of Mexicans toward Americans, thousands of whom have suffered personal injury and the destruction of their property, was caused by the belief that the American government constantly sided with Madero in his efforts to obtain and keep control of the government. All the revolutionary leaders have expressed themselves with bitterness on this account. *Hundreds of pages of the testimony* that has been given to the Sub-committee *tell practically the same story, of the robbery, destruction of property, kidnapping for ransom, personal injuries, and utter disregard for the lives and property of American citizens in Mexico.* To illustrate with just one example: A midnight attack upon the hacienda of an American ranch in the territory of Tepec was followed by a four days' chase of the ten American occupants, five women and five men, half-clad, who escaped in the dark through an unguarded door and finally made their way to safety.

February 17, 1913: Taft continues war activities, but wants to give Wilson clear field.

February 18, 1913: Francisco I. Madero forced to resign from presidency. Huerta in control. Terrible scenes in Mexico City. Practical wreck of Capitol by long battle. Scores of bodies burned. Citizens prisoners in perforated houses.

February 19, 1913: The execution of Gustavo Madero, brother to the deposed president. Gustavo Madero was subjected to the notorious "fugitive law" by which he was free to run under the rifle fire of his guards. He fell dead under their bullets. Gustavo Madero was known as the "power behind the throne."

February 20, 1913: Fate of Madero uncertain. He probably owes his life to Ambassador Wilson. Roving bands of rebels expected to keep up revolt. Huerta will use arms to quell it. *Capital death-toll numbers three thousand.*

February 22, 1913: United States troops rushed to border. In-

General Villa's troops on the march.

tervention planned. Opposition to Huerta regime forces Taft's administration to act. Fate of Madero in balance.

February 23, 1913: Madero and Suarez assassinated by their guards. Removal of warfare in Southern Republic predicted when news of deaths reaches interior.

February 24, 1913: Americans held for ransom. Governor Colquitt rushes Texas militia to Brownsville. Consul Garrett at Nuevo Laredo threatened. Taft orders federal troops to Brownsville.

February 25, 1913: Mexicans in new revolts. Hope for peace is slight. Rebel activities in the north have increased and the Zapatistas are active in the south.

March 2, 1913: Mexicans attack American troops. Running fight on the border near Douglas, Arizona.

March 5, 1913: New revolts reported. Ten thousand rebels at Saltillo. An American reported slain at Manzanillo. *Colonel Carranza to extort money from Americans and other foreigners to pay his soldiers.*

March 9, 1913: Consul Letcher states that the aggregate wealth of Mexico is a little under two and one-half billions, and that approximately one billion of this or two-fifths of entire wealth is owned by Americans.

March 11, 1913: In his first official statement, President Wilson has served notice upon Mexico and other Latin-American Republics that his administration proposes to support only those governments which are based on law and not upon arbitrary or irregular force.

March 13, 1913: Mexican rebels take border town. One hundred die, three hundred wounded in town opposite Nogales, Arizona. Bullets rain across border and United States trooper is wounded. Red Cross volunteers from this side were constantly in attendance upon the wounded of both rebel and federal forces.

April 28, 1913: Mexico land of butchery from Aztec days. Natives were blood-thirsty and cruel. War victims were sacrificed to gods. Records show that seventy-two thousand persons were

slain in a single place during one day. Held cannibalistic feast yearly. (Frank G. Carpenter.)

May 8, 1913: Mexican revolt spreads apace. United States officials fear repetition of bloody scenes in Capitol. Carranza, leader of the so-called Constitutionalist Party, makes threats.

June 3, 1913: Twelve hours' battle between federals and rebels at Matamoras opposite Brownsville. Private Davis of the United States cavalry wounded by stray bullet. American consulate, where J. H. Johnson and his staff remained during the fighting, was in the line of the fire. Heavy loss of life among the Mexicans.

July 12, 1913: Mexicans threaten to destroy United States Embassy. Newspapers urge war against United States. Two Americans held as prisoners by Constitutionalists.

July 22, 1913: Growing gravity of Mexican situation. Mexicans cheer new Japanese envoy. Americans in peril.

July 26, 1913: Charles B. Dixon, of San Diego, California, Immigration Inspector, was shot and probably fatally wounded by Mexican federal soldiers in Jaurez today. Dixon, who had gone to Juarez on official business, was arrested and wounded while fleeing from his captors fearing summary execution.

July 29, 1913: Peace in Mexico hangs on ousting of Huerta. The policy of the administration centers upon Huerta's elimination. Consensus of opinion is that quick action must be taken to restore order.

August 4, 1913: Five Americans thrown into jail by Huerta's men. Dragged away from work and not allowed to telegraph their superiors at El Paso, Texas. One is a nephew of Admiral Farragut.

August 7, 1913: Daughters of Mathew Gourd, an American farmer living near Tampico, suffer indignities in the presence of their father after he has been tied and robbed by Mexican bandits.

August 27, 1913: Americans warned to flee Mexico. Cables sent to all the consulates. Order issued barring arms to both sides.

September 6, 1913: Mexican officer crosses the border to kill a "Gringo." Is killed himself.

With the National Guard on the Border

October 10, 1913: Huerta arrests and imprisons one hundred and ten deputies of Mexican Parliament. Troops surround Capitol.

October 30, 1913: Huerta elected president of Mexico, foes give up hope. Americans plan to flee. Wilson's policy a secret.

This revolution, ending as it did with the assassination of President Madero and Vice-President Saurez, brought the old Indian murderer, Victoriano Huerta, into power. A more diabolically ingenious character could not be conceived. He had a degree of ability and training which raised him above the level of the proudest pure-blooded Spaniard in Mexico and with it all, he had the heart and hand of a ruthless savage. Yet Mexico is so lacking in pride, so weak in spirit and so indifferent to its national honor that it resented our President's righteous refusal to recognize a twentieth century Macbeth as their proper and lawful president. Much as I disapprove, with thousands of other Americans, our President's failure to clean house for our neighboring republic, yet the attitude of our Government shows the infinite superiority of our civilization over that of Mexico. In other words, our Government had to furnish the pride and spirit of honor for Mexico by refusing to recognize a base murderer as their ruler.

The essential thing, which any people must have in order to warrant self-government, pride and honor in themselves and their government, is totally absent from Mexican history. True, they

—Courtesy, American Press Association.

The late ex-President Huerta of Mexico—the cruel, merciless murderer of Madero.

threw off the Spanish yoke, but not that the people might enjoy self-government, not that the rights of humanity might be conserved, not even that the form of their government might be improved, but solely to relieve themselves from the trade restrictions of Spain and allow the *Spaniard in Mexico* to reap the profits from ten million peons which they had previously been forced to share with the *Spaniard in Spain.* The same heartless rule of Mexico which Spain had given them continued under these native Spaniards and the peons were too ignorant to know or care.

The rule of Huerta would have been a disgrace to their country but one more blot on their national honor means no more to the Mexican aristocracy than an additional freckle means to an American farmer. Their one desire is freedom to grind more money from the peons and it makes no difference to them who their ruler is so long as he can maintain order. This they thought Huerta could do and they graciously accepted this modern Nero and were highly indignant that our President would not recognize him. In fact, they were so outraged over this interference with their domestic affairs that nothing would have pleased them better than to have declared war against the "gringoes" and chased them into Canada.

But the program of our President prevailed, Huerta was eliminated, but not before his repre-

General Venustiano Carranza, President of Mexico.

sentatives had insulted the "Stars and Stripes" and seventeen of our boys had given their lives at Vera Cruz.

The triumph over Huerta was short-lived. The bosom companion of our country during these strenuous days had been Colonel Carranza, now General and Provisional President, and his chief confederate, Villa. No sooner was Huerta eliminated than they took the field against each other. Through the permission of our government Carranza moved his troops through American territory and crushed Villa's army. This so enraged Villa that the Columbus raid, with a death roll of many more Americans, followed his elimination from Mexican affairs and led to our expeditionary force being sent to Mexico *in pursuit of one man.*

Now this expedition, commanded by a Major General, drawing upon the full fighting force of our great nation, is gradually withdrawing in order "to protect its lines of communication," "avoid attack by pursuing Villistas," and "for diplomatic reasons."

In a nut shell, this is a review of Mexican history and of our abortive efforts to save their country from themselves, as well as save our own citizens from death and our country from disgraceful invasion and insult.

CHAPTER II

MEXICAN INTERVENTION

FROM this running narrative of bloodshed and disorder, we come to the real problems of the Mexican situation, viz., can the Mexican people govern themselves, and if not, *shall we intervene?*

It seems that no one can doubt the fact that they have failed woefully to maintain a real government in the past, nor is there any question that an analysis of their population and past history must lead us to two conclusions,—first, that the vast majority of the people are still savages; second, that the white population of Mexico, its ruling class, has not and will not give to the country a just and equitable government. Moreover, all the revolutions in the world cannot benefit the situation; a revolution in Mexico will have no more influence upon its social structure than John Brown's rebellion in Virginia, nor can any person think that a government controlled by the peons of Mexico would be an improvement upon the most drastic tyranny of a Diaz or Huerta. A race of children must have a king or his equivalent to rule over them; and until such a race develops the consciousness of manhood with its sense of justice, respon-

sibility and self-control, they are happier and better off under the rule of a monarchy or selfish oligarchy.

The Mexican people face three possibilities: A continuation of their rule by the few, who will give them the same old Spanish yoke to wear, will impose upon them the same unjust taxes for their rulers' benefit, will sell their national resources to foreigners, and do absolutely nothing to lift the peon from his ignorance and poverty, seeking in every possible way to keep him in financial, mental and social bondage to themselves.

Or, they may have a government by the peons; in other words, a magnified form of carpet-bag rule, with ignorant Indians and half-breeds attempting to govern a great country under the unscrupulous and selfish leadership of such human bloodhounds as Francisco Villa. Under such leadership, the country's resources will be drained to the last penny, no business development will be possible, and after an indefinite period of bloodshed and anarchy, some individual with the qualities of a Napoleon or a Diaz will come to the front and through their desire to have surcease from bloodshed and financial ruin they will gladly consent to his rule. But before that happens, debts will be heaped upon their nation, industries will be destroyed and the most capable and prosperous of their citizens will sink into the mire of poverty

and uselessness which happened to the South under carpet-bag rule, and to France after the Revolution,—with this noticeable difference, that the body politic from which the new France and the new South have sprung will be altogether lacking

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Mexican refugees at the border.

in Mexico. If we could reasonably expect the resurrection of a new Mexico from the ruins of the old, if there was a chance that the Mexican peon possessed the liberty-loving soul and hard common sense of the English race, which has forged its great Empire and the United States through re-

bellion against kings, if we thought it possible for them to compose the Great Charter of English liberties or the Constitution of the United States, if they had the sterling qualities of the French peasant, then we would say to them: "God speed you! Shed all the blood you want to shed! Waste your resources! Do anything you like! For these things are but the price which every great nation has paid for its conception and rebirth." But we would be closing our eyes to the facts and committing a sin against the world to suppose that the Mexican Indian, who comprises more than half the population of Mexico, is prepared to create a government that would be stable. Far better to trust the negro of the South to make a stable government than to commit that task to the Indians or half-breeds of Mexico. The Southern negro is a Prince in the House of Judah compared with the Mexican peon.

The only other possibility is intervention, either European or American. The former we will not brook, the latter must come sooner or later. Had the Capitol of the United States been situated at El Paso, Texas, the problem would long since have been settled. As it is, the people along the Atlantic seaboard think that Wisdom dies with them. One little murmur from old England carries more meaning to their hearts than all the real problems that confront their countrymen in California or

along the Mexican border. Personally I wish the Capitol of our country was located in St. Louis, Missouri, for the relative importance of our national problems would then come nearer receiving their just consideration.

But returning to our problem, it is in line with our big brother attitude toward the weaker nations of this hemisphere for us to intervene in Mexico. We have repeatedly landed our marines in the Island Republics and in Central America to bring order out of chaos, and for very much less cause than we now have to intervene in Mexico.

In addition, who can doubt the beneficial influences *to Mexico* if this intervention took permanent form in the acquisition of that country, first as a territory and later as States of our great Union. It would secure to them the advantages of health, education and self-government. It would open to all classes new and profitable business ventures, giving remunerative labor to the poor and insuring the rich against losing everything to the latest bandit general who last week was an unheard-of peasant and next week will acclaim himself provisional president of Mexico. Under the direction of the sanitary experts of the United States Army, Mexico would receive its first national bath, and its health conditions be vastly improved. If, as in the Philippine Islands, our government established schools in Mexico, then for

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General Francisco Villa, who is "wanted" by the United States for his ruthless crime at Columbus, New Mexico.

the first time in its history the children of that land would have an opportunity to become useful and enlightened citizens. Its government thus far has been a Republic in name only, but, under the tuition of our federal officers, it would become such in fact just as fast as their capacity for self-government was made manifest.

Finally, Mexico would be a real asset to our country instead of a thorn in the flesh as it is at present. It would offer us new fields of effort and opportunity, with a commensurate blessing to Mexico. Under present conditions, citizens of the United States who live in that country and invest their money there, have no assurance from this government that anything will be protected. So far as the protection of our flag is concerned, there is none in Mexico. When our government wants to protect American citizens, it sends this message to its consuls: "Tell every American to run for his life!" Then, when some poor devils who have their all in Mexico and do not want to forsake it and be compelled to start life over, decide that they will stick by the "stuff" and, sticking, get killed, our peace-loving contingency of elect saints and predestined cowards do not blush with shame for the flag that has become no longer a cloak of protection but a target for the infamous. So true has this become that only the other day some one decided to use the Stars and Stripes as a

towel and proceeded to wipe his hands upon our national flag. Then when a good fellow knocked him down, the Assistant-Secretary of Agriculture or the Treasury wrote him a personal letter of appreciation. But when our poor citizens in Mexico are killed, these peace-loving Americans, whose liberties and freedom were bought by the blood of our fathers, have the effrontery to look us in the eyes and say: "The old fools deserved to be killed, didn't the President tell them to get out of Mexico?" Through intervention all this would be changed, and Mexico would become a field of opportunity and safety to those who desire to make their homes in that land.

Moreover, we need Mexico as a protection to our canal. The Gulf of California will always remain a suspicious and conspicuously useful naval base for our enemies in time of war until it is in the possession of the United States. The poor crippled Japanese cruiser with its attending fleet of rescuing war vessels that stayed such an unnecessarily long time in this gulf when our alien land laws were before the California Legislature, is comparatively a memory of yesterday. Moreover, it is a matter of no mean significance that many thoughtful Americans have no doubt that the Japanese have already mined the canal and that it would be closed to our battleships and the commerce of the world within twenty-four hours after

Ruins of buildings at Columbus, New Mexico, in which six Americans were killed and cremated by Villa's band of raiders.

a declaration of war between Japan and the United States.

The possession of Mexico would, of course, cost something in money and bloodshed, but hasn't it cost both of these things in the past and isn't it costing the same now, and what have we to show for it? Absolutely nothing, and with the further prospect that as long as we do not intervene, we shall be forced to continue to pay an exorbitant price for our simple-mindedness. Moreover, did not the founding and development of Virginia and New England cost something? Re-read the history of our colonies if you doubt it. Was not the settling of the Mississippi Valley, the great North and Southwest accompanied with hardship and death and the forcible exit or subjugation of savage peoples? What is the difference between making Mexico a new and habitable land in the twentieth century, and sending red-blooded, noble citizens by the million into a land that is over half-savage, and taking Arizona, New Mexico and California fifty years earlier and transforming them by the genius of our institutions from Spanish cockpits into three of as noble and attractive states as there are in the Union?

In conclusion, the whole problem of intervention may be summarized by a homely illustration. Suppose you had a neighbor who maintained a constant nuisance, to your great annoyance and dan-

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An American refugee and his family escaping from Mexico on board the S.S. Monterey which left Vera Cruz for New York.

ger; suppose that this nuisance destroyed or impaired the value of your lot and dwelling house; suppose that, in addition, it threatened the health and safety of your wife and children; suppose, that in all friendliness, you had sent your servant over and had urged upon him the removal or abatement of this nuisance and he had rebuffed the servant and heaped insults upon your name; suppose then that you had sent your son to present your protest and he had been mistreated or killed, and that the same night your neighbor should break into your house, steal what he desired, kill another of your children, set fire to your dwelling and, crossing over to his own diseased, disorderly premises, invite you to a conference to discuss your future relations with each other,—what would you do? Would you first consider what influence your method of redress might have on your business relations with his respectable kin, would you invite his brothers and sisters and cousins to arbitrate the matter for you? Would you, on failing here, go into a series of conferences with your neighbor, inviting him in the meantime to send his wife and other defenseless members of his family to live in another house of yours where they might be free from the dangers of the nuisance within their own home? If that is the way you would meet such a problem, then you surpass Jesus in your gen-

erosity and forgiveness, for under far less trying circumstances he pictures the king gathering his armies and "utterly destroying" those base men. Our government has far exceeded the seventy times seven rule and the cheek-turning philosophy of Jesus. So much so that we will have to establish a new religion based upon the formula "There is such a thing as being too proud to fight," which interpreted in Lincoln's language would mean "I hold that when God gives a man a scary pair of legs, he ought not to be punished for using them."

CHAPTER III

THE JAPANESE PROBLEM

OUR friends, the missionaries, tell us that there will never be a war with Japan, that they have the kindliest feeling toward the United States; and if the Jingo press would only stop its agitation, we would never be precipitated into a struggle. Now I am not an ordinary gambler, having had strong predilections against that gentle art ever since in boyhood being enticed into a game of "heads I win and tails you lose," but for all that, I will wager (for that's a nicer word) against any of my brother ministers engaged in missionary work in Japan, the best Bible published by the American Bible Society, that within twenty-five years the United States of America and Japan will clinch in one of the bitterest wars in History. In saying this, I may be a Jingo, but let us consider the question without prejudice if possible.

Since Admiral Perry opened Japan to Western Civilization, she has pushed forward into world affairs at a great pace. She has painted herself all over with the surface things of enlightenment. She has adopted Western machinery, Western education and Western military science. She has

waged three great wars in a period of twenty-five years. She has humiliated the old Chinese Empire, whipped Russia, unlawfully and without cause absorbed Korea, and under the blanket of European misfortune put an iron heel upon the hopeful life of the New Chinese Republic. In addition she has plunged, without other cause than her utter selfishness, into the European war, thus securing possession of the German interests in China.

What must one infer from these facts? Japan has received only the surface things of the West. Her spirit is as uncivilized as that of the most backward peoples of Manchuria plus the additional unhappy feature of possessing western arms and the knowledge of how to use them. Moreover, the arrogant pride which has been developed through her successful struggles with China and Russia has made her as sensitive to insult as were the old gunmen of the West. In contrast to the everlasting forbearance of the United States she has none.

On the other hand, we have several Western states which consider their future doubtful if they do not limit the encroachment of the Japanese coolie class, and protect the American laborer and farmer against the lower economic standards of the Orient. These states, proceeding within their constitutional rights, either have made or will

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A recent photograph of Major-General Frederick Funston, whose remarkable heroism during the Spanish-American War and whose capture of Aguinaldo, the Philippine rebel, is still remembered by those whose memory goes back to the days of '98.

make laws protecting their citizens against the Japanese and other alien Orientals. A glimpse of the possibilities existing in such laws can best be given by turning once more to the files of a reliable newspaper,—one that has never, to my knowledge, been adjudged a Jingo press. The Chicago *Tribune* gives the following account of the delicate situation which arose between the governments of Japan and the United States during the passage of Alien Land Laws in the California Legislature in 1913:

April 17, 1913: Japanese mob cheers resort to arms. United States faces difficulty. Other states have alien land laws similar to those proposed in California.

April 18, 1913: Alien land bill inflames Japan. Political leaders hint at retaliation. Talk of war growing. Mass meeting of 20,000 Japanese citizens cheers orators.

April 19, 1913: Bryan's letter may beat bills aimed at Japanese.

April 21, 1913: Governor Johnson defends right to enact alien land laws. He cites the fact that the nation and other states have similar acts. Plans more drastic bills. Legislators admit effort to bar Japanese is real cause for movement. President Wilson to continue his efforts.

April 22, 1913: Insist on power of Californians to bar out aliens. President asks Governor to avoid chance of violating treaties. No changes in probable bill.

April 23, 1913: President Wilson sends Secretary of State Bryan to Sacramento, California, to assist Governor Johnson in framing a bill that will not violate treaties.

April 24, 1913: Baron Nobuaki Makino, the Japanese Foreign Minister, in addressing the Congress of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce in Tokio called to discuss the California land owner-

ship legislation, told his hearers that the negotiations between Japan and the United States had reached "a most delicate point."

April 28, 1913: Secretary Bryan wires to Wilson for further instructions in solving great problem. Governor Johnson and legislators insist on state's right to enact land laws.

April 29, 1913: More rigid bill drafted. Bryan informs Governor and legislators that it is not satisfactory to Wilson. Secretary will stay on watch.

April 30, 1913: President Wilson to accept California law, cannot help Japanese. Other issues involved. *Alaska plans to prevent Orientals from fishing in adjacent waters.*

May 3, 1913: Bryan says latest land bill does not meet President Wilson's approval. Makes last plea to Californians.

May 6, 1913: Alien land bill creates crisis. Wilson seeks way out of tangle into which California plunged the United States. Japan to retaliate (?). Jingoes may force issue.

May 11, 1913: Ask Governor Johnson to refuse to sign alien land bill. Wilson and Bryan make final plea, but with little hope, to the California Executive. Delay sought by Governor would be used in effort to diplomatically settle trouble. In Mr. Bryan's telegram to Governor Johnson he said: "His excellency, Baron Chinda, has, on behalf of his government, presented an earnest protest against the measure."

May 12, 1913: Japan makes the issue one affecting her national pride and honor. Danger seen in new angle of protest. United States must use caution.

May 14, 1913: Governor Johnson to sign alien land bill. He cites law of the nation. Denies violation of treaty.

May 15, 1913: Japanese dispute causes activity of army and navy. Coast artillery to go to Hawaii, and North Atlantic Fleet ordered in readiness. Chinda visits White House. Precautionary steps taken after ambassador leaves. Possibilities are dangerous. "*If the battleship fleet were in the Pacific Ocean,* it is not believed there would be any trouble with Japan over the California legislation. It was repeatedly stated in administrative circles today that *a great mistake was made by this government in with-*

drawing the fleet from the Pacific. It will be recalled that the fleet was sent to that ocean by President Roosevelt, ostensibly on a friendly mission as a result of the strained relations with Japan, growing out of the San Francisco school question.''

May 16, 1913: Tokio, Japan.—The announcement that Governor Johnson will sign the alien land ownership bill has again aroused the radicals. Several parliamentarians have called a mass meeting for tomorrow.

May 16, 1913: President Wilson prepares alien bill reply to appease Japan. Answer to protest, however, will show that the United States has made the cause of California its own. Situation in nature of crisis.

May 19, 1913: London.—''Japanese dispute grave question affecting the world,'' says Sir Valentine Chirot, foreign editor of the London *Times*. ''It is a world question essentially. The fears of the inhabitants of the Pacific Slope are exaggerated and premature, but they are not entirely groundless. The time has come when Japan is disposed to challenge the very essence of the attitude of Western nations toward Asiatics. It asks admission to the comity of nations on equal terms. Japan's challenge comes at a moment that is fraught with peculiar danger. Its elder statesmen have nearly all passed away and few are left to check the impulses of popular passion. Japanese democracy is knocking at the doors of the council chambers, and we fear it is *a democracy which is headstrong, excitable* and *inexperienced.* We are thus on both sides confronted by a situation of very special difficulty.''

May 19, 1913: California's law upheld by Bryan in reply to Japan. Secretary sends note to Chinda as soon as Johnson signs bill. The President realizes that the situation is grave.

May 21, 1913: Japanese view lessens tension. Bryan's note in regard to land bill accepted in friendly spirit.

June 4, 1913: Japan demands federal action to nullify land laws. Latest note insists that the United States enter fight against California laws.

June 5, 1913: Japan appeals direct to President Wilson. Settlement no nearer.

—*Photo by Harris & Ewing.*

Major-General John J. Pershing.

With this, the Japanese question dropped out of the front page of our newspapers, and sank temporarily from our sight. But the question remained as vital as ever and only recently, when our country seemed plunging into a war with Germany, Secretary Lansing and President Wilson brought pressure to bear upon two other western states which were about to enact similar laws. The President's appeal was based upon the urgency of the submarine question and requested these states "not to involve us in a Japanese controversy at this time." The press informed us that the Japanese government had gone on record to the effect that they feared the enactment of the proposed laws would so "inflame" the Japanese people as to force the government of Japan to have recourse to arms.

That the western states will all enact similar laws to those passed by California is too evident to require argument. That sooner or later the "headstrong, excitable and inexperienced democracy" of Japan will force us into war is just as certain. Only an embarrassed Japanese treasury and a consciousness on the part of their more sagacious leaders that they were unprepared to cope with the United States prevented war in 1913. Some day they will feel equal to the task and then the biggest navy and the best marksmen will have the victory.

Moreover, this final warning must be given. If we allow Japan to secure such a control of Chinese affairs as to commandeer her natural resources of land, minerals and men, God help us. China and Japan, organized for war as Germany was, will be more than a match for the resources of men and money which we possess. The Monroe Doctrine with regard to America alone must be thrown to the winds. The safety of our country and of the white race depends upon our protecting China against the scheming policies of Japan. China as a free nation means friendship with America, China under the control of Japan means that some day there will be a world convulsion that will make the present European war look like a game of penny ante to the man who plays poker with the sky as the limit; the issue will not be a question of European backyards that will be involved, but it will be a question of which race shall inhabit the globe.

CHAPTER IV

AN ADEQUATE MILITARY AND NAVAL PROGRAM

ABOUT three years ago we were developing a peace sentiment so rapidly that any one who spoke to the contrary on the subject of military preparedness was considered a fanatic. The peace movement had gained such a momentum that military schools were hard pressed to maintain their constituency if they continued to hold to their military features. The president of one of the best military schools in the United States very frankly confessed that they were seriously considering the advisability of discontinuing the military phases of their school work. "Not only our school but a number of the best military academies throughout the country, were in a similar predicament. The peace propaganda had created such a sentiment against military training that we were all facing financial difficulties if we did not abandon everything pertaining to militarism. But now," he continued, "the European war and our Mexican problem have reawakened a military consciousness and we have more applications for admission to our school than we can provide for."

American sea-plane at Vera Cruz.

An Adequate Military and Naval Program

The American people have gone through the same evolutionary cycle that the English people passed through in the latter years of Lord Roberts. During the years just prior to the great war, he warned Great Britain that they were asleep to their danger, that a great world war was inevitable. What did they think of him during this time? They said: "Old 'Bobs' is going crazy, he is in his dotage, there is no real danger. On with commerce, war is a thing of the past." But Lord Roberts was right and he had performed the duty of the prophetic watchman, so that in the words of the Scripture he was "innocent of their blood." Fortunately, Lord Roberts lived to see the day when his judgment was vindicated and the people no longer regarded him as an old crank gone mad with a senile dream.

Today America has partially awakened. For years it closed its eyes and ears to the facts which Hobson and other prophets, known as "military or naval faddists," tried to point out. But the agony of Europe has awakened us to the danger of trusting scraps of paper, treaties of peace, councils of arbitration, and the like. When men see red, there is no room for the arbitrator, and God spare the innocent man or the neutral nation that stands between the combatants. Poor Belgium bleeding beneath the iron heel of Germany, poor Greece bleeding beneath the equally cruel heel of

the Allies have given the American people cause for thought.

Of course, it isn't right! Of course, it should be otherwise! But it is nevertheless a fact that the end of wars is not yet at hand. As long as there are different races, different nations, different tongues, different ideals, conflicting desires, commercial struggle for supremacy, envy, jealousy and fear, there will be war, and the nation is blind, deaf and an applicant for suicide that closes its eyes to the facts of life, and will not look for the hidden causes of strife.

Now a well known principle of crime is this, that burglars usually enter those houses in which the doors and windows are left unlocked. The same is true of nations. Would Germany have violated the neutrality of Belgium had the frontiers of that country been as strongly fortified as those of France? Would England and France have dared to treat a nation with strong powers of resistance as they have treated Greece?

At last our American people have come to realize the necessity of an adequate military program. The problem is, What form of preparedness will be adequate and at the same time most thoroughly in keeping with the genius of our people? Shall it be a great standing army; a reasonably large standing army and a thoroughly reliable National

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Lieutenant Frank Fletcher and Major Hernandez meeting along the railroad under a flag of truce, discussing the matter of taking care of the American refugees who were arriving in Vera Cruz.

Guard or universal training? It must be one of these,—which shall it be?

In the chapters which are to follow I think that it will appear with reasonable certainty that the National Guard is not to be relied upon as a second line of defense. Obviously, the experiences of the past summer were a great disappointment to those who have devoted their lives to the Guard. To anticipate our later treatment of this subject, the limitations of the Guard are married men, business entanglements, politics, labor unions and the amateur's inefficiency in the performance of highly complex and scientific duties, for war is to all the other affairs of life what Metaphysics is to the sciences,—it is the science of sciences.

In other words, we must eliminate the Guard from our problem of an adequate military program. This does not mean that the Guard is of no military value, but that it is inadequate or insufficient. All things considered, no arm of the federal service is worth more to the government than is the National Guard. "Inadequate" is all that anyone can say against the Guard. But since we are thinking in terms of adequacy, we couldn't say anything more drastic so far as it affects the problem of self-defense. This leaves us to choose between a great standing army and universal training.

Which, then, shall we have? The events of the

past few years make an army of half a million men seem a trifling thing. Our immense coast line, East and West, with the numerous cities on and adjacent thereto involve such a subdividing of half a million men as to render every point vulnerable if attacked by a first-class power or a combination of lesser foes. On the other hand, a regular army of a million men, which would approximate our needs, involves a new social order, having the possibilities of a military caste that is rather distasteful to a freedom loving, democratic country. In addition, the permanent loss of a million men from the usual channels of life, passing into the atmosphere of the barracks, with its social and industrial reflex upon our civilization has, to say the least, very unattractive features.

But none of these arguments stand against universal training. Under such a system we would always have in training two million young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. This universal training need not mean permanent army service for three years. We are not bound to follow any European precedents. The methods used may be adapted to meet the genius of our institutions. Any one of a dozen plans would be suitably adequate.

As an excellent illustration of the agreement by the press and military experts as to the insufficiency of the Guard, and the difference in their

Mexican prisoner in subterranean prison, as found by American soldiers on the occupation of Vera Cruz.

judgment as to the advisability of universal training, I quote from an editorial in the *Saturday Evening Post,* December 16, 1916:

"Experience at the Mexican Border shows plainly enough that the National Guard is very ill suited to regular army work. A hundred thousand young civilians, mainly dependent for livelihood and the support of their families upon modest salaries or wages, were abruptly taken from their customary paths and sent upon strenuous public business, for which, on the whole, they were not well trained or well equipped.

"It is a lasting disgrace to the nation that the guardsmen had scarcely answered the President's summons before agencies in various cities were passing the hat for pennies to save their families from want. Many employers promised to keep the guardsmen's places open for them and to continue their pay. We know of one by no means plutocratic concern that was put to a charge of several hundred dollars a month in paying salaries and wages of absent guardsmen.

"Why should this comparatively small business bear that grossly disproportionate tax for national defense? Reports show that, as regiments returned from the Border, many guardsmen found themselves out of jobs and with empty pockets.

"Why should these patriotic guardsmen bear that grossly disproportionate burden?

"The National Guard is constitutionally ill suited to regular army work. That part of the new Army Bill which pretends to adapt it to such work, by making it more extensively subject to Federal control and contributing fifty million dollars a year, or more, of Federal money to its support, is only a transparent and pork-barrel sham. It ought to be repealed.

"Conscription, for which our amateur militarists are so ardent—is that the remedy?

"By no means. Evolving an army of ten million, when every tangible probability can be met with five per cent of that number, would be more absurd than relying upon the National Guard. Our national situation no more calls for universal military service on the Continental plan than the situation of Chicago calls for universal police service.

"Like Chicago, we should have a police force adequate to probable needs; and we should get it in the same way—that is, by increasing a regular army of fairly paid professional soldiers."

Confessing that I am but an "amateur militarist" and believing that the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* is in that respect my twin brother, I will now give the opinion of Major-General Leonard Wood, Commander of the Department of the East, as expressed to the Business Men's League of St. Louis when discussing the measures this country will need to take "if it is ever going to

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United States soldiers doing scout duty among the sand dunes in the vicinity of El Tejar.

survive the shock of a great war with a first-class Power."

The following is taken from the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* December 13, 1916:

"He declared that universal military service was a necessity and that the operation of the Hay bill, for Federalizing the militia, had 'left much to be desired.'

" 'Manhood suffrage means manhood obligation for service,' General Wood declared.

"We must come, and come at once, to a system of universal military service. We must adopt a system which will insure to each youth who is physically fit, at least six months of intense training—training as intensive as that we give at Plattsburg. Six months of such training will equal in actual hours from one and a half to two years of average training in the regular service. One month of it gives more hours of actual work than the average militia man gets in an ordinary enlistment. This training can be given under the general conditions enforced in Australia and it can be given without in any way interfering with the educational development of the youth and to great advantage to him, morally and physically, as well as from the standpoint of the future citizen.

"The criticism of the volunteers and militia is not made in an unkindly spirit, but quite the re-

verse. No one appreciates more than I the services these men have rendered, but this must not blind us to the fact that military organizations of this type will not meet the demands of modern war and to maintain them we must prepare our people for defeat. We must give our youngsters a sporting chance. They are entitled to it. We do not want to send them into campaign willing, but unavailing, useless sacrifices. Let us meet the issue squarely and see to it that if we are to meet a force with a force, our men shall go into the struggle well trained, well armed, and well fed.

"The men who have gone to Plattsburg are the pioneers in a movement for national service. *For five years we have been preaching national service, preaching it in a wilderness, with only slight response, until within the last two years.* Now it has become a matter of common discussion and the trend of sentiment is strongly towards it. Its simplicity, its fairness, its absolute democracy, appeal to all who have any idea of rendering service to their country in time of trouble—in time of war. Universal service does not appeal to the shirk and the coward.

"He prefers to continue a system under which we can volunteer to let his more patriotic and more loyal brother do service for him. The establishment of universal service must be accompanied by legislation which will make its avoidance impos-

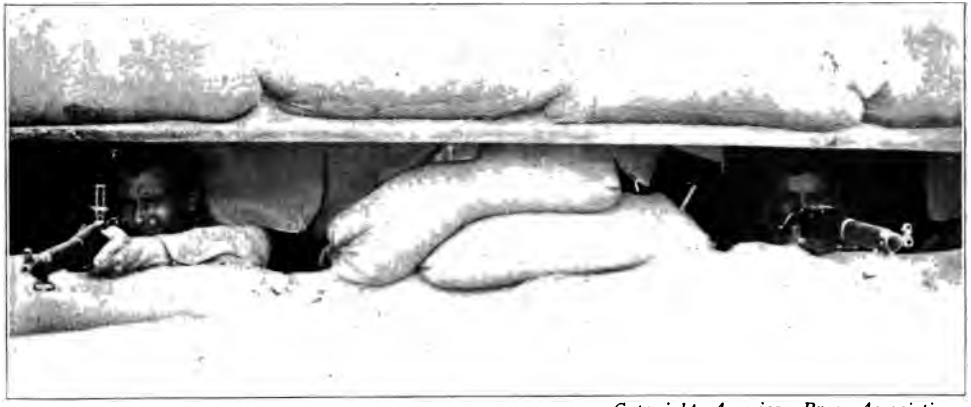
sible for all who are physically and mentally fit. There must be no more of that most debasing of all practices—the purchase of substitutes. No more of that evil practice—the giving of bounties. Practices, both of which have done much to debauch the spirit of patriotism and cheapen the idea of national service.

"We want conditions under which the rich and the poor, Jew and Gentile, will stand shoulder to shoulder, in the defense of the country, and no man, be he physically fit, shall be able to escape during the period of his obligation. It does not mean that he should serve in the fighting line. It does mean that each man will serve where he is best fitted and best trained to serve.

"Women must give this movement their support. They owe it to their sons."

Every officer with whom I have talked, whether in the Army or the National Guard, has expressed the same opinion as General Wood. The plan seems to have the following advantages:

It will protect our country against any foe. We need not fear any enemy whether European or Asiatic. We need not take insults from Mexico, nor beg our western states not to enact any legitimate laws, nor write notes to Germany until the supply of white paper makes its price prohibitive.



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The United States outposts at El Tejar were honeycombed with tunnels covered by boards and bags of sand. The position the two soldiers are in is anything but enviable, for the temperature is hovering around 110 and must be considerably more under the hot sand.

The youth of our country will secure the finest physical training that can be provided. From the slum with its weak underfed bodies to the palace with its equally undeveloped offspring the boys of the United States will come forth from poverty and luxury to live next to nature for a while. Only God knows how many years of life were added to the one hundred thousand Guardsmen who lived in the open last summer; a conservative estimate would be two hundred thousand years, or two years for each man. I remember one father who brayed like an ass and wept like a child because his son was "not strong and threatened with consumption and now they are taking him to the Border, they will kill my son, etc.," and I remember the grin that same son gave me in Texas two months later. Universal service means health and strength to the boys of America.

Moreover, it means discipline and increased efficiency. The vast majority of boys at eighteen years of age have little respect for their parents, none for the laws of man, and still less for God. A little military discipline would supply that respect for authority and law that is so lacking in American homes. Moreover, there is no question that it would increase the efficiency and thoroughness of the boys when they return to civilian life.

Finally, it will make our country more democratic. It will bring the rich and the poor, the ed-

ucated and the uneducated into sympathetic relationship. It will teach the petted boy the rights of others. It will teach the dirty boy that he must be cleanly in his habits. It will result in a socializing of our too-overly developed individualism, while at the same time drawing out qualities of strength and self-reliance in the boy who is timid and backward. Thus universal military training would result not only in furnishing our country with an army adequate to meet any crisis, but in addition it would develop the youth of our country as nothing else could do.

The present situation with reference to Germany should make us face some facts which involve not only the immediate development of an adequate army but the building of a navy that shall be second to none upon the seas. There are two systems of law which the world recognizes, International Law and the Law of Self-Preservation. The former controls the conduct of nations with reference to minor matters in times of peace, the latter controls the conduct of the world in times of war. We may rave all we like about the sanctity of International Law, but it is secondary to the biological instinct which will cause us to lie, steal and kill before we will consent to die. This is not only true of savage races and uncivilized peoples; it is equally true of the most enlightened races and nations on the face of the globe. To justify this

rather harsh statement, let me quote from Will Irwin who gives this as the opinion of "a man in official position who knows better perhaps than any other American, the larger situation in Europe."—"The first year after this war may be our period of greatest national danger. The European nations will emerge into peace almost bankrupt, loaded down with taxes, overrun with men displaced in mind for any abnormal occupation, ready for any national venture that will help them to recoup. Also they will have veteran armies fully equipped. There is Mexico. It holds heavy investments at present unproductive. If we don't enter this war in some fashion no sentiment will keep any European nation from enforcing what it believes to be its rights in Mexico, or demanding that we enforce them. * * * We shall need an army at the close of this war much more than we need one now."

As a rational people, not yet embroiled in the maelstrom of human hate, let us consider the European controversy with reference to our preparedness program. England says that Germany has violated her treaty with Belgium and unlawfully invaded that country; that Germany has unlawfully, barbarously and with malice aforethought murdered women and children on the high seas; and that the present unhappy condition of Europe is due to Prussian Militarism. Germany

Mexican battery in action.

frankly admits that she has abrogated treaties, modified existing International Law and killed women and children, and her excuse for all of this is, *Military Necessity.*

As Americans we are unwilling to accept this excuse. Our rights must be respected even by belligerents. But what can we do about it? If we haven't the military or naval strength to make the nations of the earth think twice before violating our rights, we can talk or write notes until we are black in the face and it will do no good. In proof of this consider the case of England. There is a perfectly good nation that is giving her life for International Law and the protection of poor Belgium. Yet we can't help having the suspicion that if the English Channel were a thousand miles wide Great Britain's conscience would not have been so acute. Neither can we forget the fact that England has been the greatest land-grabber in the history of the world and that in emergencies she has never failed to modify International Law for the protection of her own interests. In 1812 she impressed our seamen and destroyed our growing merchant marine by her Acts in Council. Today she opens our mail, blacklists some of our merchants, and makes others give bond that they will not trade with any of her enemies. When our government protests against these and other modifications of International Law the only answer it

gets is, "The exigencies of war and the triumph of the principles for which we are fighting require that we should do these things," or in other words *"Military Necessity."* So we see how in times of war not one nation alone but each and every one of them finds an excuse for doing something which is actually or constructively a violation of the rights of others.

England's boast is that she will break the power of German Militarism, and yet she sleeps quietly because her navy is the mistress of the seas. Her anger with Germany over the high degree of perfection to which she had brought her Army would seem less hypocritical did England not also boast of how quickly her battle fleets had responded to the call of Lord Churchill to prepare for action, when his warning spat its wireless way around the globe. I have no excuse to offer for Germany's violation of International Law, but the best protection that England or any other country can give to these broken laws is strict obedience themselves. Moreover, when any nation violates that law to another nation's damage there is but one thing to do and that is to say, "Stop or we fight!" *I admire England for always backing her word with her whole fighting force, and if we are to have the respect of other nations we must do the same thing.* When Germany first violated our rights on the sea we should have written one note and only one and

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Removing a sailor who was wounded at Vera Cruz from the Hospital Ship "Solace" to the Navy Yard Hospital.

that note should have said, "Apologize, make reparation instantly, or *we fight!*" The same thing is equally true of England; and if we had been firm with her we should not only have had her respect but she would not have dared to refuse our just demands that she abide by the Law of Nations.

We have written so many notes and shown so little downright, red-blooded manhood that our State Department might well adopt as its cable-code "R.S.V.P." Until the nations that love peace are stronger than those that love war we can not hope that International Law will be held sacred; just as every statute in our country would be only "a scrap of paper" unless there was the power behind the legislators to enforce their laws. America's good-will for everybody, her friendliness, her devotion to International Law, and her desire to protect the weaker nations of the earth demand of us that we shall have the military and naval strength to make it very hard for any one to yield to the temptation to violate that law for some trivial advantage. Only by having that strength shall we be safe from peril, for we are no longer an isolated nation,—we are on the thoroughfares of the world.

Our patriotic pacifist friends and orators tell us that America can never be in any real danger because of her isolation and that before any foreign foe could put its foot upon our soil, a million

brave soldiers would rush to the endangered point and crush the enemy beneath an iron heel. All of which is very good, except that it takes twenty-one days to hatch a chicken from an egg and much longer to make a soldier out of a civilian. This insanely foolish gush that the public swallows for the truth will some day threaten *the very existence* of our republic. It will cost the lives of thousands of our bravest boys who will be led like lambs to the slaughter to atone for the foolishness of a few crack-brained pacifists whose inimic fads of thought have acted as an opiate to destroy the memory, vitiate the reasoning and still the conscience of a patriotic people. It suits the mother to reason in the paths of the pacifist, and she says, "I am not raising my boy to be a soldier;" it suits the father to dream dreams of smaller taxes for ships and armies and better roads about the farm. But these people forget little Belgium that relied on treaties and did not compete with others in maintaining an army but put all of its resources into beautiful public buildings and industrial development. The mothers of Belgium did not raise their boys to be soldiers, the fathers of Belgium would not have sympathized with spending their hard earned money on a larger and better equipped army; and they had more than pacifists to tell them that they were secure, the strongest nations of Europe were bound by treaties to protect their

The Price of Vacillation. Funeral of the seventeen Vera Cruz heroes, passing St. Paul's Church, New York City.

neutrality. But, alas for the mothers of Belgium, they did not raise their sons to be soldiers so they are even now being deported by the Germans to do menial work for their conquerors. Moreover, the wonderful public buildings of Belgium, the price of her non-militant, money-loving heart,—what functions are they performing today? They are the headquarters of her foes. Neither should you be quick to curse the perfidy of Germany as the cause of this desolation. For years thoughtful people have looked upon the violation of Belgium's neutrality in case of a great European war as a *military necessity.*

Stoddard in his wonderful lecture on Belgium, written a generation ago, presents the identical problem to us in the following language, "It is well understood that this (Belgium's) neutrality has been guaranteed by England, France, Russia, Prussia and Austria; yet, from a military standpoint, it is also clear that the powerful armies likely to be organized upon its borders, in case of war, would be compelled to enter Belgium in order to secure a position in which to attack each other. * * * * * I recently heard a distinguished European diplomat say that if war should break out between France and Germany, the neutrality of neither Belgium nor Switzerland would be respected by either of the contending forces; that the violation of neutral rights would be absolutely

Guarding the bodies of United States soldiers killed at Columbus, New Mexico, during the raid by Villa's bandits.

required by the necessities of the situation; and that *the contending armies would undoubtedly be obliged to pass through one or both of these neutral countries, or possibly even to fight on their soil.*"

"Military necessity," that's the key word. England, in her righteousness could not recognize this as a justifiable basis for violating treaty rights at the beginning of the war and so launched her great fleets into the fray. But what has she done since? She has violated the soil of peaceful Greece, imposed illegal barriers on the commerce of Holland, Norway and Sweden, violated the absolute rights of American commerce on the high seas and despoiled our mail and blacklisted our merchants. Through what right has she done these things? None whatsoever, but in the name of "military necessity" and by superior force, which she so hypocritically abhors (in another), she does ten times instead of once the very thing which she so *virtuously* deprecated (in another).

But Switzerland's neutrality was not violated and why? That is the crux of the whole matter. Switzerland depended upon no nation to defend her neutrality, but upon the preparedness of her own citizens, every one of whom, no matter how humble or how peacefully inclined, is a soldier. Above the door of every Swiss home hangs a gov-

ernment rifle, a sealed package of cartridges, and a uniform.

Switzerland has no standing army in the sense that other nations have, for every citizen is a soldier, ready at the call of his government to defend his native land. When the great European powers were mobilizing their troops and war was imminent, Switzerland's neutrality was not violated for the good and sufficient reason that she mobilized as quickly as they did and protected the integrity of her territory with such an energetic and imposing force at arms that no nation cared to cut its way through her borders in order to get at the throat of her foe.

CHAPTER V

THE MOBILIZATION OF THE GUARD

ON Sunday night, June 18, 1916, came the Call to Arms for which the National Guard had been waiting so long. After two years of exasperating expectancy, during which our government made scrap iron of typewriters, raised the price of white paper, indulged itself to drunkenness on grape juice and treaty writing, and coined a half dozen catchy peace phrases, the National Guard had come to think that our government did not give a "tinker's dam" for the lives of its citizens or the honor of our flag. If you asked a National Guardsman what the United States was going to do about Mexico, he would give you a sickly grin and answer: "There is such a thing as being too proud to fight."

It had been nearly two years since the arrest of our seamen and the fruitless effort at Vera Cruz to secure reparation and apology. Then out of a clear sky came the Call to Arms. It made the National Guard feel as silly as if they had been arrested by a woman-cop for expectorating on the sidewalk. Moreover, this feeling of being caught off their guard by innocuous femininity was im-

Sending the bodies of dead United States soldiers home following the Columbus raid.

mediately heightened into resentment when the men remembered that the quadrennial election was drawing nigh. There was a universal feeling that the National Guard was being used for political purposes. However, this attitude of mind was instantly changed into fervent patriotism and loyalty on receipt of the news that Captain Boyd and his troopers had been killed in an action with the Carranzistas and that General Pershing's army was in imminent danger of attack.

When the President's message reached the regimental headquarters of the National Guard, each organization was probably as badly scattered as our own and the problem of getting them immediately together was no child's task. On that memorable Sunday one of the battalions of our regiment was staging a Civil War battle for the movies with Henry Walthall as leading man. As they disembarked from the train Sunday evening, they were met by the newsboys shouting "Extra," and read the thrilling news of the President's Call to Arms. As they marched through the streets of Chicago, the citizens crowded the sidewalks and gave them many a rousing cheer—which reminds us of those familiar lines of Kipling, entitled "Tommy:"

I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer.
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats here."
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again, an' to myself sez I:

"O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy, go away;"
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play,
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.

For it's Tommy this, and Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot.
Yes, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
But Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees.

All of which is equally true of the National Guard and the Army in America. I well remember going into the sheriff's office at Springfield, Ill., in behalf of some of the boys who had gotten into trouble and the self-righteous way in which he exclaimed, "I can't understand how the people of Springfield have been so long suffering with the soldiers as they have." Just think of it, and they have politicians and legislators there all the time! The boys of the National Guard are like a parade of Sunday school children passing through a vice district when compared with the seasoned veterans of lawlessness and robbery that make our laws and sell food to our boys in the usual mobilization camp. They have as much heart and gratitude as a corpse and as much conscience and mercy as a scorpion, which nevertheless always seeks the shelter and protection of a soldier's tent in times of storm and danger.

Battlefield scene on the outskirts of Columbus, New Mexico.

Returning now to my subject, the scattered condition of the Guard on Sunday, June 18th. Many of the boys were out of the city and had to be called back by wire. One of our Captains was in Detroit negotiating for a commission in the Canadian army. But the officers and top-sergeants worked like bees and before Monday noon the regiment was in readiness to move. In the meantime, the medical corps was doing superhuman work, examining the recruits which literally flowed into the Armory. Thus a hundred thousand men from a hundred thousand homes gathered beneath the Stars and Stripes and prayed fervently that they might be given an opportunity to redeem our country from the dishonor which Mexico had cumulatively heaped upon us for several years.

From that quiet Sunday afternoon with its family reunions in homes and churches and parks; from quiet chats with father and mother, sweetheart and wife, the men were suddenly called into a new life. Immediately the boy whose father had berated him as of no earthly use became worth a million dollars to the father's heart, while home and loved ones were just as suddenly transformed from their prosaic setting into the infinite value which only the possibility of loss can give to human love.

In less than a week, twelve thousand Illinois Guardsmen were at Springfield, the state mobiliza-

tion center. Two Brigades of Infantry were encamped at the State Fair Grounds, which, in honor of the Governor, was renamed Camp Dunne. The Seventh Infantry was put in Machinery Hall, the Second in the Cow Barns, the First in the Horse Stalls, the Third and Fourth in the Pig Sties, and the Eighth in the Sheep Pens. There was "some class" to our Camp, and we furnished an excellent example of the evolutionary doctrine of reversion to type.

In addition to these two Brigades, commanded by Brigadier-Generals Foster and Hill, the First Cavalry, Engineers, Artillery, Field Hospitals and Signal Corps were all encamped on the other side of Springfield at Camp Lincoln.

Living as I did, in Alton, Illinois, I responded to the instructions of the Adjutant and proceeded at once to the mobilization camp at Springfield, arriving there several days prior to the troop-trains, and thus had an unusual opportunity to note the preparations that were made for the men.

It is remarkable that the government should have had chosen for so long the places of mobilization and yet have nothing in readiness for emergencies. The simplest program imaginable for so great and rich a country would seem to involve a depot, at each mobilization center, in which clothing, blankets, cots, tents and fire-arms should be kept for the maximum number of men, always ready to be dis-

tributed immediately in case of a national emergency. It is quite true that the army regulations prescribed that, under such circumstances as I have mentioned, the United States Quartermaster's Corps shall send every needful thing in the way of equipment and supplies for the maximum number

Wounded Mexican bandits at Columbus, New Mexico.

of men to the mobilization camps, but it is harder to get a shoe-string from the United States Government, when you really need it, than to rob a state bank. The United States Government is preserved, pickled and embalmed in red-ink with a shroud of red-tape. Consequently, the Quartermaster's Corps of the United States Army *sent nothing to*

Springfield, and the State of Illinois had to assume the entire burden—which it did in a splendid manner.

The preparations necessary for the reception of approximately twelve thousand troops were stupendous. The old fair grounds, filled with débris of every kind, had to be thoroughly cleansed—tons upon tons of dirt, trash and manure had to be removed. The Adjutant-General's Staff worked night and day under terrible pressure, using every available man and vehicle, to accomplish the herculean task of cleansing the Augean Stables and to make the common dwelling place of horses, cows, pigs and sheep, fit sleeping quarters for its most patriotic sons. After this enterprise, at which Major Funkhouser worked so hard that he didn't shave for a week, baled hay was distributed to the various stables and scattered in the stalls. When the boys arrived, the more enterprising ones put the hay between their shelter halves and thus improvised ticks upon which to sleep.

The work of preparation for the arrival of the Guardsmen was a tribute to the patriotism and enterprise of General Dixon and his efficient Staff. Bathhouses were built and latrines dug and wired over in less than a week's time, and plumbers, carpenters, teamsters and day laborers were busy by the score. Quartermaster and commissary supplies were purchased and placed in depots at both

camps; fuel was hauled, tools and other necessities provided in anticipation of the troops' arrival. Whatever faults may have been true of mobilization camps during the Spanish-American War or in other camps throughout this country last summer, the mobilization camps in Illinois were as nearly perfect as human ingenuity, thrift and thoughtfulness could make them. Everything possible was done for the comfort, health and happiness of the men. From Governor Dunne down to the least representative of the executive and military functions, the service rendered the National Guard was "A-plus."

The day before, the regiments began to arrive, and they were delayed from four to ten days by these preparations—the mess details reached camp with the necessary storage tents, stoves and equipment. There were about half enough axes, tools, tent pegs, etc., to go around, but they fell to with a vim and did wonders in a few hours. Frederick the Great never said a truer thing than that "An army travels on its belly." To illustrate the haste and efficiency with which military men can move, Lieutenant Luke of the First Illinois Infantry was summoned on Wednesday evening, two hours before a train left for Springfield, and told to make a detail, collect stoves, mess-tents and equipment, and proceed to Springfield. This detail was chosen, wagons ordered and loaded with necessary

paraphernalia, and in two hours they were on board the train. By five o'clock the next evening, every stove was in place and every mess-tent erected. The value of military discipline and train-

Gathering the Mexican dead after Columbus, New Mexico, raid.

ing can readily be seen in such an example as this. Only officers and men of experience can act efficiently in such an emergency. The details from other regiments that received orders at the same hour as the First, arrived on later trains and had

barely begun their work—in fact were scurrying around looking for tent pegs and axes when Lieutenant Luke had finished his task. It was this alertness which made it possible for us to be the first national guard regiment in the United States to reach its post in the Southwest. As an evidence of this expeditiousness of movement, the regular army officer who met us at San Antonio asked one of our staff: "Who is the Colonel of this regiment?" And on being told that it was Colonel J. B. Sanborn, he said, "Well, he must be a wonder, for the rapidity with which your troop train was unloaded has been a lesson to me, accustomed as I am to the regular army's methods."

To return to the mobilization problems. It may be well to consider some of them in detail. The double ownership of property constituted one of the most serious difficulties. In times of peace the state had furnished uniforms, blankets, etc., but in the federal service the government is supposed to furnish these. So a survey had to be made of every article of state property and a value fixed thereon so that the government could make a settlement with the state. This was a task that had to be completed at once while arms and uniforms and blankets, to the limit of the state's supply, were issued the new recruits.

Moreover, when the troops began to pour in on Friday, June 23rd, there was no goose-step parade

awaiting them but a program of hard work. The rookie squads were drilling all the time, fresh recruits were arriving on every train, bayonet practice, squad and company drills were incessant. At the same time, company, battalion and regimental officers were working like bees to complete their paper work and fulfill all the government requirements which must precede being mustered into the Federal Service. It was understood that the first regiment mustered in was to be the first to leave for the Border, and, consequently, the rivalry was intense. Our regiment completed this work first, and we were mustered in at once.

Some of the men did not want to take the Federal oath—did not think they could afford to do so because of their families or obligations. They had joined the National Guard not for war but for peace, they said, and they asked if they could be forced to take a new oath that *enlarged their obligation.* I cannot answer this question, but I know how the problem was met. The orders were explicit—"If any man refuses to step forward and answer to his name when it is called or refuses to raise his hand and take the oath, he is to be jerked out of line and put under arrest pending court-martial." Whether the officers of the regular army were within their rights in meeting the situation this way I cannot say, but of this I am certain—bluff or no bluff—it worked. I think we had only

Dead Mexican bandits on Novias' ranch near the Mexican Border in Texas.

one man in our regiment who refused to be mustered in and he was immediately placed under arrest. Later, he did what the "Good Book" speaks of God as often doing—he "repented himself" and took the oath. In other cases, the parents were doing everything they could to keep their boys from being mustered in. As each company returned to its row of horse stalls, they would break into a cheer. A father came rushing into one of the companies as it returned from taking the oath, and said, "Where's my boy?" The boys were cheering wildly, but at this a hush fell over them. "He was taken out of line and put under arrest, sir, for refusing to take the oath." "O my boy, my baby boy, they will kill him, he isn't strong enough to go." About that time, I put my hands on his shoulders and pushed him out with the injunction to the boys to "Let's have another cheer," for that old cry-baby was about to make a funeral party of our regiment. His boy later took the oath, passed every examination, and never enjoyed better health in his life than under the open skies of Texas.

When the mustering in of the regiment was completed, we were rushed through the medical examination. Several groups of six surgeons and as many clerks, working in different places, made a physical examination of each man that would make an insurance company's examination look like

nothing at all and they finished with you in about two minutes. You hopped on a scale—your weight, height and chest measurements were taken in five seconds; another doctor slapped his super-ear on your heart and lungs, pushed you on to a third who cracked you on the knee, a fourth surgeon examined you for rupture and disease, the next physician looked at your teeth and whispered in both of your ears, and the last one tested your eyes with his paste-board hieroglyphics. Every one of these doctors was on the square except the eye man. He made me take off my glasses—the only apparel I had on—and I could only read his top line; and then he marked me minus nothing! To see twelve hundred men going through a physical examination was like the display of chickens and turkeys on market day just before Thanksgiving. The like of the figures and forms they had has never been seen on land or sea, and if they had been put on the road as chorus girls, their show would have been stranded at its first stop. Have you ever seen a horse that was pulling a rag wagon to save the owner funeral expenses? That's the way some of the bony ones looked. Then, have you ever seen a horse that had the botts or was suffering with colic in the Spring of the year? That's the way the fat ones looked. Believe me, it was some dog and pony show! Nobody knows, when the band plays and the flag waves and the imposing regiment goes sweep-

ing by, just how ridiculous they would look if dressed only in nature's garb. I saw a regular down in San Antonio who wore his belt around his knees because they didn't make them long enough

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United States troopers searching a Mexican who had crossed the border into the United States. The vigil of the troops was keener after the outrages committed March 9 when Villa's followers invaded the small town of Columbus, New Mexico, and killed a number of soldiers and citizens, among them two women.

to go around his stomach—he was some bellicose Adonis.

Very few of our men were disqualified, for the

regimental surgeons had been extremely severe in their examinations of the men to forestall having the organization depleted by the regular army test. In the case of officers, physical disqualifications were waived by the government, through application to the War Department, if the officers consented, in their turn, to waive any pension rights that might accrue from injuries arising from their physical deficiencies. My own experience in this respect was rather unique. A month after we reached San Antonio, Surgeon-Major Amerson presented me with a paper which he requested that I should sign. "What's this?" said I. "Your waiver of pension rights," said he. "Well, why should I waive the right to a pension?" "Didn't you know," said he, "that you were disqualified because of your eyes and that I wired to Washington the day of your examination asking that your disability be waived?" "Not until this minute, Major, but I thank you for the compliment you have paid my patriotism." After which little episode I proceeded to sign away my preferred risks in the "United States Insurance Company." So, likewise, did a number of the other officers.

As soon as the physical examinations were over, we were ready to proceed to the Border. Those last two days at Springfield, when the newspaper bulletins were hourly giving us news concerning the shortening of Pershing's column and the hos-

tile redisposition of Carranza's troops, are never to be forgotten. It was with clenched fists, fast beating hearts, and a queer sort of nervous exhilaration that the First Infantry of Illinois marched through the densely packed and wildly cheering crowd of soldiers and civilians to entrain for "Somewhere on the Border."

CHAPTER VI

ENTRAINMENT

A SOLDIER, no matter how much brains he may possess, surrenders it all when he enlists in the Army. He is allowed the same degree of discretion as the horse with a bit in his mouth. From the rookie to the brigadier-general there is a degree of ignorance concerning their future that the man in civilian clothes can never understand, else he would not ask so many foolish questions. Concerning the policies of his superiors and his own future movements the soldier is a perfect ignoramus.

When we reached Springfield speculation was rife as to how long we would spend in the mobilization camp. The guesses ran from two weeks to twice as many months, or until after the November elections. Some said, "We will never see the Border." The only one who refused to discuss the question was Colonel Sanborn. He maintained that such speculations were a waste of time, and that a soldier's duty was to obey orders as they came and not attempt to forecast the future. But to those who have not been steeled by forty years of military experience this attitude of mind is a practical impossibility. I enjoyed getting as many

Mexican rebels pulling up rails by hitching an engine to them and backing away. Afterwards the ties are burned.

opinions as possible and, with the freedom of a chaplain, discussing the question with the youngest rookie in the Regiment, and, believe me, these boys had the warmest interest in the subject. From the first week out the boys were talking about "dear old Chi" and the girls they had left behind.

Our regiment reached Springfield on Friday morning, June the 23rd, and left for San Antonio

United States artillery going into action in Mexico.

on the ensuing Wednesday night by way of the Chicago and Alton, and Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railways. The first section reached San Antonio Friday afternoon at five o'clock. During the entire time we were in constant communication with Washington and General Funston's headquarters. Originally our regiment was to have gone to Southern California, but at the last mo-

ment orders were received that our destination was San Antonio. "How did I find this out?" From a civilian of course. The last night that we were in Springfield, Bishop Fallows, the grand old man of Chicago, a Brigadier-General during the Civil War and for many years Chaplain of the Second Illinois Infantry, told me in confidence that we were going to San Antonio. Owing to the sickness of his wife the good Bishop had to forego the pleasure of ac-

On the firing line.

companying his boys to the Border and had come to Springfield to tell everybody good-bye. Yet in spite of the fact that a few of us knew that we were on our way to Fort Sam Houston, the boys on the troop train did not know for many hours after we left Springfield what our destination was to be. With all due deference to my superiors I think that

so much secrecy is arrant nonsense. There is some reason for European powers to proceed after this fashion, honeycombed as they are with spies, but not so when we are dealing with a chaotic government such as Mexico.

To those who are uninitiated in the mysteries of a troop train a little sketch may be of interest. It takes three trains or three sections to carry a regiment, a battalion to each section. When orders reached us about four o'clock that we were to entrain that night, consider the problem that had to be met. Rations for several days must be drawn and placed aboard the trains; all of the equipment must be thoroughly cleansed, securely packed, transferred in wagons and loaded into the freight cars which are placed in front of the troop trains. Other freight cars must be equipped as kitchens, with stoves and every other needful thing such as fuel and food placed therein. As you will readily see the kitchen car should be an express coach with decent springs, but in our case it was just an ordinary freight car that played "jump the rope" for a thousand miles with stoves, coffee, canned goods and bread piled to the roof when we started. This kitchen car is placed in the middle of the train to facilitate feeding the battalion. The detail which accomplished this and much more in less than half a day performed a twentieth century miracle. Nothing short of a military organization could

achieve such results in so short a time. At noon on Wednesday, June 28th, we were a peaceful military camp, at nine o'clock we were on the train ready to go anywhere from Maine to Oregon without stopping except to change our train crews and engines; and all this was accomplished from four in the afternoon to nine at night or let us say while a woman would be making her toilet to go to a dance.

Our regiment was fortunate enough to have tourist sleepers for all the men and a standard Pullman for officers and newspaper reporters. Many organizations that followed us were compelled to use day coaches for want of better facilities.

Life aboard a troop train in such an emergency as we thought we were facing is full of interest. No narrative can give the atmosphere that prevails, a layman simply can't understand it even if it were possible to give with accuracy every incident and detail of the trip. The closest feeling like it in the world is the sensation of a football team as it prepares for the Thanksgiving game. There were some men callous enough to forget everything in a game of poker but with most of the officers and men there was that degree of nervousness which I have felt and seen others show just before the "kick off."

The health of the soldiers is always a paramount consideration, and is never lost sight of even on

the train. Every morning and evening sick call is announced just as if the men were in the camp. The change of water, food and climate affects every one to a certain degree. Cathartics and "honey," as castor oil is called, are in great demand. Each troop train has one physician and a portion of the hospital corps in attendance. To illustrate the

Brigadier-General D. Jack Foster and his staff in front of the First Illinois Brigade (Infantry) Headquarters at Leon Springs Military Reservation.

value of this constant and thorough supervision of the men's health, I remember that on our San Francisco trip during the summer of 1915 the surgeon in charge of one section told us that he used up all of the medicine with which he started and had to

lay in a new supply before he reached the coast; but that every man reached California in the pink of condition. Where could you find seven or eight hundred civilians who could make a transcontinental trip and feel fit as a fiddle when they arrived? On our way to Texas the medical corps not only supervised the general health of the men but vaccinated everybody against smallpox. Moreover the value of sanitation was never lost sight of; in cars crowded to their capacity with men and equipment, neatness and cleanliness was insisted upon. Day or night an inspection of the cars showed that a ceaseless vigil was being kept over every item that made for the health and well-being of the men. This care extended to the food as well as to the sleeping quarters. Not a meal was served that had not been previously examined by the medical officers to see that its quality and variety was acceptable. Moreover the company and battalion officers were always on the alert to improve the conditions and ameliorate the hardships of inconveniences which the men might suffer from such congestion. I remember that Major Davis sat up all night that a sick man might be provided with a single berth. He had first requested one of his lieutenants to inconvenience himself by doubling up with another officer so as to make possible the rearrangements necessary, and on this officer's grumbling about having to make room for a sergeant, the

Major ordered him to sleep in his, the Major's berth, while he sat up through the night. This lesson will probably suffice that officer for a lifetime. I have heard many men from other regiments, and a few of our own, say that their company officers would be the first men killed in battle, and you can not always blame them for some officers are undoubtedly thoughtless and brutal. But in our regiment the officers were uniformly thoughtful of the men, the one or two exceptions which I could give being the best proof that such was the rule. Not for one day could an officer hope to hold a commission in the First Illinois Infantry and openly disregard the comfort or well-being of his men.

None of us knew just how much time would elapse before we saw service. Wars are like runaway weddings—there are no announcement cards sent out in advance. Consequently we did not waste time on this trip but everybody got down to work. No one was allowed to idle away his moments. The men were given lectures on the composition and care of their rifles and other equipment. When it is remembered that many of the recruits had never handled fire-arms in their lives the necessity for this is apparent, and even if some of them had done so a soldier must know his rifle in a far more intimate way than the ordinary sportsman. Shooting a shotgun at targets from ten to fifty

yards distant with a hundred chances to hit, is a very different thing to shooting a rifle with a single ball at from two hundred to a thousand yards. Therefore the men have to be instructed in the principles of holding and sighting their pieces as well as the care and construction of the same. Lectures were also given to the men on military courtesy and discipline. A rookie, as the new recruits are called, can always be spotted by his want of military bearing and courtesy. A slovenly salute in a soldier is unpardonable, and training in speech, attitude and gesture are necessary prerequisites in the making of a soldier. By such exercises as these the men's time was filled. The officers and non-commissioned officers were busy in the study of various military problems, for war is a science so intricate and complex that those who enter the service whether as regulars or national guardsmen must be ever on the alert to keep themselves reasonably efficient. To play the game like experts calls for the same degree of study and practice which marks the expert in every other field of human endeavor.

The greatest drawback and inconvenience of the journey to San Antonio was caused through the trains having been furnished with freight cars as kitchens. As I have previously suggested, it was impossible for the cooks to achieve satisfactory results with the stoves erected in freight cars.

There were no springs in these cars, and often the cooks would prepare a meal only to have some or all of it thrown off of the stoves, causing a great waste of food and a greater hardship to the men. One morning the breakfast was all but ruined by such an accident, and it was necessary to wire ahead for coffee to be prepared for the four hundred men of our section. That was what the boys would call a "nifty order," "Four-hundred coffees if you please sir! No, that's all, thank you, good day." "How did they serve it to us?" In wash boilers, of course. I remember going into the kitchen car the night that we lost our breakfast. The car was tossing about so wildly that the cooks had abandoned the breakfast and deserted the car, trusting that something might be left for the morning. Coupled with this disadvantage of freight cars was the fact that our troop trains often drew freight engineers who handled us as if we were cattle going to the market. On one occasion the commanding officer of the second section, Major Clinnin, stopped the train and refused to go further until the railroad company should furnish a more experienced and considerate engineer. Despite these limitations it is probable that our organization fared better than most of the regiments which were hurried to the Border, for every man had a berth in which to sleep and the most considerate care that experienced officers could give them. In

most respects I believe that the incidents of our journey were common to other regiments which were hurried to the Border in June of 1916. But the regiments which were kept in mobilization camps for three or four months before going to the Border knew none of that exhilaration which we felt during the days when war seemed imminent.

CHAPTER VII

ON THE BORDER

THE arrival and departure of soldiers in San Antonio creates as much stir as a World's Sunday School Convention in Chicago; were it not that the newspapers make it a point to record everything that happens the vast majority of citizens in both places would be ignorant that anything out of the ordinary was transpiring. Our advent in that city, which naturally enough was quite significant to us, was of as much interest to the people of San Antonio as the arrival of a chewing gum drummer. We were met at the train by an officer of the Department and two old First Infantry boys. Still this rather broad statement must be qualified, for San Antonio has a large Mexican population and the white people always sleep a bit more securely when there is a large garrison at the Post. This is not a criticism of the people of that splendid city, they lived up to the finest precedents of Southern hospitality; it is simply a statement of the uneventfulness of our arrival. General Funston's representative informed us that trucks were in readiness to convey our baggage to Camp Wilson which was about a mile beyond Fort Sam Houston.

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A supply train of the United States Army crossing the Rio Grande into Mexico.

A caravan of thirty-five motor trucks delivering supplies to United States troops in Mexico.

The army truck, with which we made our first acquaintance here, is a wonderful machine. It is a revelation of strength and efficiency, with an engine that has the power of a diminutive locomotive and a body the size of a small freight car. I remember that we had some reason for moving one of the freight cars while unloading so one of the army trucks was backed up against it and made that freight car look like a baby buggy. What a difference there was in the rapidity and ease with which these army trucks handled our supplies and equipment and the manner in which the horses and drays had done the same thing only two days before at Springfield. Nevertheless the army mule and the old-fashioned wagon are still as indispensable as ever. It takes both the "Missouri Twin-six Chalmers" and the new army motor truck to adequately provide for the transportation needs of an army.

The first battalion reached Camp Wilson just before dark. Before leaving the train we had each received a sandwich in lieu of supper. The boys hastily devoured this morsel and fell to with a vim erecting shelter-halves or pup-tents. Some of the cooks, who were just about the finest fellows in the world, insisted on brewing coffee for the boys before they crawled into their dog houses for rest. In the meanwhile the officers were unfolding their cots and preparing to sleep in the open beneath a

wonderful Southern sky. As we unfolded our bed rolls the searchlight at the Aviation Field continually played upon us. It was very nice of our Uncle Sam to furnish us with such a brilliant lamp by which to make our cots and find our pajamas. No occasion of the summer was more inspiring than this first night in God's out-of-doors with only the sky as our canopy and ten million stars as our light. To those who can feel the throb of the universe and appreciate the beauty of the milky way this was a never to be forgotten experience. No sky is so beautiful as the Southern sky, no sunsets so radiant, no sunrises so inspiring and no land more bewitching than the rolling plains of Texas. But all of these pleasant impressions might have been blasted had we arrived two days later, as another regiment did, amid a fearful downpour of rain that changed our otherwise delightful camp into a swamp of the stickiest black mud imaginable, upon which this regiment had to spread their blankets and sleep as best they could. One of the striking instances of pitching our camp was connected with the arrival of the second battalion. They reached San Antonio about eleven o'clock at night and were ordered to disembark and proceed to Camp Wilson, which they did, arriving at about one o'clock. The stars had disappeared and the night was inky black, yet under the direction of their able major and the company commanders

they measured the distance for their company streets and erected their pup-tents in as perfect a line as if it were broad day. Only two weeks before this battalion had performed the same stunt when playing the game of war with Henry Walthall for the movies. Practice makes perfect in everything.

Now to consider our life on the Border. To be exact, of course, we were not on the Border at all, except constructively speaking. We were at the Department Headquarters with many points of the Border within easy reach and with probably a better chance to see actual service than other organizations which were confined to any particular section. The railway facilities of San Antonio made it possible for us to reach any point from El Paso to the Gulf in a few hours, and how we did hope and pray that something would break loose along the International Line that would give us a chance to see a real good fight. The greatest regret of every national guardsman who devoted the past summer to the service of the government is that there was no chance to follow Old Glory into battle. There is no better way to take the sting out of death and rob the grave of its victory than to die for one's country. But the only war that any of us saw was that between the newspaper men. When one of the reporters for a morning paper called some of the fellows who represented the

On the lookout for bandits in the flat country of the Lower Rio Grande.

evening papers "cub reporters" we came very near witnessing civil war. Then when some of them crazy to get real news had nightmares and swore that we had been fired upon by Mexican snipers we were witnesses of another near-war between General Funston, represented by his aide, Captain Fitzhugh Lee, and these same reporters. The facts were that some of the soldiers from the Fort and from our own brigade were accustomed to wandering not far from the camp and shooting at the jack-rabbits, and when some of these boys accidentally turned their high-powered rifles or pistols toward the camp it gave the reporters a chance for a good story. Now without exception these newspaper men were a fine bunch of fellows, but we saw enough to realize how embarrassing their presence can become to an army. They make their living by grinding out stories, the better the story the better the living; and that is the reason that newspaper men are a danger to an army, for they can make up better stories than they can find. Such stories can create a world of annoyance and cause such anxiety and grief that it becomes damaging to the morals of the men and a burden to their leaders. God only knows what General Funston went through with because of newspaper men, for let it be remembered that the pen is still more powerful than the sword and these men wielded the pen. Outside of the press warfare we were

safer in San Antonio than we would have been in Chicago, and none of us had more than *the feeling* that we were a reserve force ready to be launched at any portion of the line that might be threatened by a hostile Mexican force.

In anticipation of our arrival at Camp Wilson we found that the government was doing everything that it could to make an ideal camp of what had previously been a barren plain. Bathhouses and latrines were being constructed and water connections made with the city. These things may sound like little things to the layman but they are fundamental to an army's existence. With characteristic American energy a stupendous task had been completed in a few days. But you can't do some things no matter how much energy you may expend; and so it followed that in other respects the government's limitations came early to light. There were no requisition blanks upon which to draw food for the regiment. Our economical, peace-loving people—who will make any sacrifice in times of emergency—are so short-sighted that they will not support Congress, if in the days of peace it seeks to prepare for war. You can't fool a Congressman,—he knows what the people want and he gives it to them, so that they will return him to Congress or better still to the Senate. The patriotism of the American people in times of peace is summed up in some such formula as this, "We

will elect to Congress the man who builds expensive post offices at crossroads, and sends us seed for our gardens, but what do we care for the Army." Thus it happened that Congress had made such small appropriations to the Army that when the President called the National Guard to arms there were not even enough printed blanks upon which food might be requisitioned for the men. With this thought in mind let's turn to Kipling's "Tommy" once more:

I went into a theater as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fighting, Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll,
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,
O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

Congress can spend thousands of dollars in printing speeches that are never read, with generous quantities of "applause" sprinkled in to impress any fool who hasn't more sense than to read the stuff, but it cannot afford to spend one cent extra in making provision for the exigencies of war even to printing the necessary forms which its own red-tape makes mandatory. No wonder in the light of those first few days that men hesitate about enlisting in the United States Army. For a while we were fed on bread without butter, coffee without

sugar, potatoes without either salt or pepper, and meat without seasoning of any kind. Those who have translated the mess-call as follows have some excuse for doing so:

Sou-pee, sou-pee, sou-pee,
Without a single bean;
Por-kee, por-kee, por-kee,
Without a strip of lean;
Cof-fee, cof-fee, cof-fee,
Without a drop of cream.

Such experiences as this explain and interpret the change which some enterprising and evidently experienced young man had made in an enlistment advertisement which I recently saw on an elevated train in Chicago. This advertisement originally read, "Young man, are you not willing to fight for your country? Then will you not join the army at once?" It had been changed to read as follows, "Young man, are you not willing to *starve* for your country?" In answer to which the reviser had written in bold letters, "NO!"

Moreover the Government was short on blankets. Some of our boys remained in Texas a month without a blanket to cover them. Those who know that climate are well aware that even in July the nights are cold. Before morning the change in temperature is so sudden that two blankets are necessary if one is to rest comfortably. The Government was also short with cots, tents, pistols, etc.

It was our misfortune to have been forced to take to Texas with us those men who had been mustered into the Federal Service and afterwards found unfit in the physical examination. We left Springfield so suddenly that there was no opportunity to receive instructions what to do with these men, and Colonel Lewis, who was the regular army

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Cavalry and artillery horses at El Paso awaiting new troops.

officer in charge of our mobilization camp, told us to take them on to Texas and then send them home. There were about forty-five of these men who were called "derelicts." They felt that their situation was very unjust. They had been declared unfit and yet they were required to proceed as if they were most fit. On the march of the third battalion from the depot to Camp Wilson at about eight o'clock in

the morning one of these derelicts who had a weak heart fell out of ranks looking as if he were dead. I was on my way to the post office, for chaplains in the field are the official postmasters, when this derelict's captain hailed me in the "jitney" and asked if I would not take this boy to the camp. As

"Gasoline cavalry" drawn up at the International Bridge, El Paso, Texas, waiting to act as guard to the Tenth Cavalry prisoners when they were released by the Mexicans.

soon as we had gotten him into the "jitney" another with a complexion like that of a dead man asked if he couldn't also ride. Both of these men were derelicts, which shows how very important it is for the Government to make a rigid examination of applicants for military service. Not only do the weak have to be nursed and at times carried on their comrades' backs, but they are a nuisance to

the organization. Their officers must be considerate of them, and at the same time too much consideration will make some of the other boys jealous and lazy as well as give them an opportunity to cry "favoritism." When the Government finally gave us instructions to muster these boys out of the service our regiment was camped at Leon Springs Military Reservation some twenty-five miles from the city. We had left the derelicts with the Third and Fourth Infantry at Camp Wilson. But these regiments were ordered to New Braunsfeld and so our boys were passed on to the Eighth (or colored) Infantry. They were a sore bunch. I made a trip to San Antonio to bid them good-bye and try to put them in a good humor with everything and everybody before they returned to Chicago. It was a stiff job. They openly declared that the officers of the Third and Fourth had been more considerate of them than the officers of the First, and that the Eighth or Colored Infantry had treated them best of all. I talked to these boys for about half an hour trying to make them forget their hardships and remember only the pleasant side of their experiences, during which one little Jew spoke up and said, "Vell, vill you please to tell me vhy it vuz dey never gifed me neider a cot nor a blanket?" So far as I can see the only reason was that the good people of America do not raise their sons to be soldiers and consequently do not

give a hang what happens to the men who offer their lives for the protection of our great commonwealth.

No sooner had we reached Camp Wilson than the serious task of making it thoroughly sanitary and wholesome began. This involved digging trenches to drain the camp. All of these trenches except a regular sewer main that carried off all of the water were dug by the boys. A bit of pure caddishness lies hidden in that simple statement. Every time we left our camp we had to fill up every trench and leave the camp ground as smooth as a carpet floor, then on returning after a week or so the boys had to open all of these trenches again. All of the brains in the United States couldn't persuade me that this was not a piece of unmitigated foolishness. It is as unjust as it is unreasonable. Men do not enlist in the United States Army to work as day laborers, and such experiences are enough to break the spirit of men and make them think twice before offering themselves as day-laborers at fifty cents per day. If an organization was leaving a camp permanently this would be all right, but when they leave all of their baggage on the ground why should they fill trenches which they will have to reopen next week? Which reminds me that all soldiers like to laugh at the Band because they resent more than any other group having to do this kind of work. Yet

the Band is right about it, how can they dig ditches and scrub pans and kettles and then play delicate musical instruments? No group of men in the First Infantry made the same degree of sacrifice for their country as did the Band. They were nearly all married men; they had enlisted with the understanding that they should not be required to go to war and yet in an emergency waived this condition and brought their own instruments into the service, many of which were ruined by exposure to dirt and rain. If the Government does not reimburse them for these losses we should all be ashamed of its niggardliness.

Trench digging was only one item in the sanitary program. Incinerators were dug for every company street. These are holes about eight feet long, four feet wide and two feet deep, lined with stone or brick, in which fires are kept burning and upon which all refuse and dish water must be thrown to eliminate flies and thus protect the health of the organization. These incinerators were examined by the medical corps every day to see that they were in good condition; and periodically the stones or bricks were removed and crude oil poured upon the ground in and about the hole. This was then ignited to destroy the larvae of flies. No single item of camp life is so strenuously emphasized as this war against the fly. Woe to the cook, the company or the regiment which the Gov-

—Courtesy, American Press Association.

Soldiers in trenches viewing Mexican Federal line drawn up not more than a mile away from the American camp.

ernment inspectors find negligent in this particular. If flies are seen hovering over some spot apart from the incinerators it is of no avail for the cook to swear that he had only poured clean water there, for the regular army officer making the inspection will simply reply, "I would rather take the flies' word than yours, for they won't settle down to feast on pure water."

Another health measure was the typhoid inoculation which began as soon as we reached San Antonio. Every officer and man was required to submit to this inoculation, which is said to be harmless, but as a matter of fact leaves a person pretty groggy for a day or so, and was especially hard on the men who were forced to proceed with their daily duties in a blazing sun. There were no injurious effects from this measure, but it wasn't as simple as the doctors, who are all more or less professional prevaricators, told us it was going to be. I know from experience and from what others said that it wasn't as innocuous as they would have had us believe. A great many of us would have been perfectly willing to have paid for the serum and let them put it in some other person's back. Lieutenant Kendall was a good Christian man, a regular Methodist from a small country town and had more religion than all the rest of our Chicago surgeons put together. Now you would think that you could trust a man like

that and he vowed that you wouldn't feel any effects from the serum; so I bared my back and he punctured the skin right behind the shoulder blade. Fine enough thought I as I began to dress, and then suddenly became as dizzy as if I were in an aeroplane. "Sit down," said the doctor, and I sat. Then he pressed my head between my knees and suggested that I had better take things easy the rest of the day. I inquired of others and found that a few of the fellows had keeled over in the sun shortly after taking the serum. One of the men told me that he had had typhoid twice and that for a week following the inoculation he had all the symptoms of a mild form of typhoid. But most of the men seemed unaffected by it, and there wasn't a single case of any serious trouble resulting therefrom. Still I never saw anybody running to beat the other fellow to an inoculation. One afternoon and evening I couldn't find my orderly anywhere and there were a number of people inquiring for him. The next morning he showed up and I asked where he had been: "I was hiding from the doctors, but they caught me. I was due the third installment on my inoculation."

Drilling was never relaxed. Morning and afternoon the men were kept to the task of squad, platoon and company drill. It may seem that the connection between "squads right about" and the winning of a victory is rather far-fetched, but the

advantages of drill lie in acquiring habits of automatic obedience that will make possible accuracy, uniformity and celerity of movement under circumstances of great nervous excitement. This explains why raw recruits cannot as a rule cope with seasoned veterans. Moreover drills today are not conducted by word of mouth alone but by the notes of a whistle and by gestures. Consequently repetition upon repetition is required to secure satisfactory results in code drilling. Modern drill regulations must provide for battles in which verbal instructions are out of the question, and when the lives of thousands of men and possibly the success of their cause may depend upon a ready understanding and quick response to mute signals. Even at that, the conventional close order drill is only one of a number of drill problems which an army must master. There is the bayonet drill, which with all the development of modern artillery is still so important that the issues of many a conflict will depend upon the expertness of the individual soldier with this weapon. The bayonet duel involves all of the niceties of boxing. The soldier must know how to parry, lunge, retreat and advance, ever keeping a perfect balance of body and control of the bayonet. The soldier's life will often depend upon the skill and confidence with which he can meet an adversary when steel crosses steel. An English sergeant, furloughed

home to America because of his wounds, says that at the battle of Loos his squad was assigned the task of emptying five houses with the bayonet. Just prior to the Balkan wars it was beginning to be the opinion that the bayonet was out of date. But the remarkable service rendered by that weapon in those wars, plus the continual use that it has been put to in Europe more recently makes bayonet practice a necessary training for every soldier.

Then there is practice in "fire distribution." I have no doubt that the average person pictures the soldier in battle as shooting at the nearest and clearest target that he can see. But this is far from the truth. The control and distribution of fire is as important to the success of the battle as good marksmanship. One of the oldest and most successful ruses of warfare is to draw the fire to one point so that offensive movements may be launched from seemingly innocent, inoffensive and unexpected points. Consequently the soldier must be taught to restrain his fire and to cover a given sector. Amusing things happen in this training which is conducted along the same lines as the old game of gossip. A company or platoon is spread out along the ground in skirmish order. The captain or one of the lieutenants sends a message down the line, "Tell Sergeant Brown to cease firing at twelve o'clock and make as his objective the

clump of trees at three o'clock." (The location of an enemy is indicated by the numbers on the face of a watch.) When this message reaches Sergeant Brown it is often so distorted as to be worthless and at times extremely humorous. A problem of this character develops alertness on the part of each individual soldier and cultivates accuracy of memory and expression. In order to make the test more valuable a sergeant follows the message down the line hearing each man repeat it to his neighbor and thus discovering who is the guilty party in failing to transmit it correctly.

One of the most interesting tests of the summer was that of "battle practice," in which the companies competed against each other as to the accuracy and distribution of their fire. Under the supervision of regular army officers targets were erected at unknown points. A company was deployed as skirmishers and advanced by rushes against the invisible foe. Suddenly, at a signal from the regular army officer, the targets appear. The company commander blows his whistle and the men throw themselves on the ground and await his instructions. The captain announces "twelve o'clock" (i.e., "the enemy is straight in front"), and turning to the platoon commanders or first and second lieutenants receives their estimate of the enemy's distance. One lieutenant may hold up seven fingers which means seven hundred yards,

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Ninth Massachusetts Infantry charging Mexican snipers who had attacked their outposts for the second time within one week outside of El Paso, Texas.

the other holds up five fingers, the captain immediately holds up six fingers or the mean distance and the sergeants order their squads to set their sights at six hundred yards and commence firing. The targets are only visible for about a minute and a half. When they disappear the company again advances by rushes until a new enemy appears, and the same thing is repeated. Then the number of hits and distribution of fire is announced to the credit or disparagement of the company. This you will readily see tests the officers, non-commissioned officers and men; and next to a genuine battle nothing could be more thrilling. Every man is ordered to withhold his fire if no target is visible, and, believe me, that is the hardest thing to do imaginable. I took part with one of the companies in the "battle practice," borrowing a cook's rifle for the purpose. With this duo CC personality (Cook and Chaplain) on their side it is needless to say that this company won. My marksmanship was perfect on the first targets that appeared, likewise that of the nine or ten other men on the extreme right of the line. How do I know? Because we were abiding by that very difficult rule of restraining our fire if no enemy was in sight and a vista of trees shut the targets entirely from our view. We lay on our stomachs, we got on our knees, we stood up and craned our necks, yet there was no target: the sensation was

very similar to having a covey of quail rise up all about you, making the air fairly hum with their wings and your heart crawl up in your mouth, and yet not seeing a single bird. With the next targets we were a bit luckier and most of us managed to dispose of the fifteen rounds that we were each allowed for this contest. But the boy on my left was still unable to locate the targets so I borrowed ten of his rounds and made a lot of noise if I didn't hit anything. But of course it would have been very unbecoming in one of my profession, with all the good Bible stories about how the Angel of the Lord can direct even the spent arrow to the heart of the foe and the host of angels who are always hanging over the brow of the hill ready to help the Servant of the Lord, to be wanting in faith, consequently I affirmed with great assurance that every time I pulled the trigger one of my allies perforated the target two or three times. In their excitement some of the boys would plow up the earth right in front of them. Still Captain Ridgway's company scored one hundred and thirty-four hits in about two or three minutes of actual firing time.

Another most important and interesting exercise was the maneuvers or sham battles without the sham of blank cartridges. In these exercises a battalion would operate on the defensive against two battalions on the offensive, or a regiment

against one or two other regiments. This trained the officers in the disposition of their men and supply trains, the location of the reserves, machine guns and dressing stations. It also gave practice to the men in scouting, signalling and patrol work. I had the pleasure of riding with Lieutenant Luke, Chief of Scouts, in one of these maneuvers. From the brow of a hill we saw the enemy throwing out its patrols. Circling this hill which was really a semi-mountain we discovered an enemy signal-man wig-wagging to their forces. Lieutenant Luke decided to capture this youngster and so we started up the rocky hillside at a gallop. For a few moments the boy stood and looked at us, seemingly thinking we were on his side, then he observed that we did not wear a white handkerchief about our necks and started to running as fast as his legs would carry him. About that time Lieutenant Luke's horse slipped on a stone and he went down in a bed of cactus. My sympathy was with my fallen comrade! Tears came to my eyes! My heart throbbed as I thought how many cactus needles might be in the seat of his breeches, but duty called and I spurred my horse on intercepting the foe just as he reached a barbed wire fence. "Son," said I, "what company do you belong to?" "E, Sir!" "Then give me those flags and beat it for home." This was great fun. Luke and myself completely circled the enemy, having a dozen nar-

row escapes and arriving back at camp with a thirst that made a bottle of Coca-Cola look like a spring of water in a dry and thirsty land. But there is always someone who wants to take the joy out of life, and this Major Clinnin in command of the other side proceeded to do, telling us that our escapade was pulled off within five hundred yards of his main column, and that if he had had some ball cartridges our final resting place would have been Hill 13, Leon Springs Military Reservation, and that my epitaph would read, "Here lies a fool chaplain who didn't have sense enough to stay in the rear." Inasmuch as the Major is the best rifle shot in the state of Illinois I have no doubt that he was right about it.

At Leon Springs Military Reservation the rookies were given their first opportunity to use the Springfield rifle. This reservation consisting of thousands of acres of land is splendidly adapted by nature and thoroughly equipped by the government for every military purpose. No better place could be found to practice the game of war. Excellent military maps of the reservation are available for maneuvers, while the reservation embraces a variety of problems through having semi-mountains, hills, plains and woodland, the only obstacle that it is short of is a river. Crossing a river in the face of an enemy is just about the greatest problem that an army ever faces. The

whole history of warfare, ancient and modern, shows the necessity of mastering this problem. Except for this defect I believe that the Leon Springs Reservation could not be surpassed anywhere. It was on its rifle ranges that our rookies received their first practice with the Springfield rifle and new automatic Colt pistol. From the break of day to sun-down the rattle of rifles never ceased. The only interruption to this continual "pop, pop, pop" was the occasional hum of a machine gun as it tore the heart out of a bull's eye. The destructive possibilities of a machine gun as compared to that of a rifle is like an old time butcher's shop where they killed an animal once a week and the modern packing plant where they literally mow them down. When experience has taught the world how deadly are its possibilities, it is surprising how few machine guns our army possesses. Until the beginning of the summer there were only two machine guns to each regiment. Our two guns had been at the Rock Island Arsenal for a year awaiting a few repairs, and the government would not issue us others until these were sent to us. So it happened that we were on the border about a month before we had any machine guns at all. Then Captain Melville was unable to find a regular army officer in San Antonio who could assist him with any information or help solve any of the

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Company A of the Sixth Infantry in the trenches which they made at their camp near Las Cruces, New Mexico, in preparation against a possible attack by the Mexicans.

problems connected with the use or structure of these guns. The best advice that he could get from any source emanated from an ex-corporal of the United States army, and remember San Antonio was at that time the heart and the brain of the whole Army.

Thus far I have mentioned the things that were done to give the men the training, the attitude of mind and the experience which would create within them individually and as an organization the morale of soldiers. But no matter how skillful a man may be at goose-stepping, no matter how much aplomb he may show at dress-parade and in the manual of arms, no matter whether he can outshoot the traditional Robin Hood, he may be a worthless sour-belly of a soldier. If he is physically weak, shiftless, lazy, selfish, or a moral leper, he is a detriment to any military organization. It isn't the fellow who can wear his uniform jauntily after it has been washed, starched and laundered that proves he is a soldier, but the man who can wash his own uniform and underclothing, shine his own shoes, keep his rifle and equipment spotless and with it all conduct himself as a gentleman that makes you feel that here is a real soldier. The physical hardening of a soldier is not a day's nor a week's job. It takes months to train a soldier adequately. It is only necessary to glance at the table of contents of one of the books that a non-

commissioned officer loaned to me to see what compass the military field possesses, and to understand the number and variety of subjects concerning which even the least officer must have some idea. Taking the Manual of Military Training by Captain Moss, U.S.A., the subjects treated are as follows: Infantry Drill Regulations, Manual of the Bayonet, Manual of Physical Training, Manual of Interior Guard Duty, Signalling, Small Arms Firing Manual, The Government and Administration of a Company, Discipline, General Principles of Company Training and Instructions, General Common Sense Principles of Applied Minor Tactics, General Plan of Instruction in Map Problems for Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates, Instruction in Delivering Messages, The Service of Information, The Service of Security, Map Reading, Military Sketching, Loading Wagons, Marches, Care of the Health and First Aid to the Sick and Wounded, Military Courtesy, Military Deportment and Appearance, Personal Cleanliness and Care of Clothing and Other Equipment, Care and Preservation of Shoes, Forms of Speech, Delivery of Messages, The Care, Description and Management of the Rifle, The Company in Attack, The Company in Defence, The Company on Outpost, The Company in Scouting, Night Operations, The Field Orders of Enlisted Men, Intrenchments, Obstacles,

Field Firing, Camping, and finally, Individual Cooking.

This training of the men commences immediately after roll-call in the morning. Before breakfast the men are given about fifteen minutes of brisk calisthenic exercises. As soon as breakfast is over they "police" the camp, picking up all trash, even to burnt matches and cigarette "butts." This trash is thrown on the incinerators —all except the cigar "butts." I have heard the boys as they were policing around the officers' quarters remark, "Ugh! they were certainly smoking them close that time." Immediately following this cleaning of the camp the regiment starts on its morning hike of from one and a half to two hours. These hikes were usually taken in heavy marching order, which means that the men carried their packs as well as rifles, bayonets, pistols, and other equipment. We usually started on these hikes at seven o'clock, by which time the Texas sun was about as hot as it is in Illinois at ten o'clock. We usually returned at nine o'clock, by which time it was just as hot as Illinois ever saw at noon. There wasn't a dry stitch of clothing on anybody with the exception of Colonel Sanborn, who only drinks three glasses of water a day and couldn't sweat if he wanted to. The boys were now given a few minutes to rest and change their clothing. At ten o'clock they faced the purgatorial rays of old Sol

once more and drilled until eleven forty-five. At about two o'clock the drilling was resumed and lasted until four-thirty or five. Considering that the boys had to do all their washing and cleaning of equipment on the side, one can readily see that they had no time to waste.

After almost a month of this hardening process, we were called upon to make our first long hike to Leon Springs, twenty-five miles from San Antonio. We were allowed two days in which to make this trip. The day on which we started was the most oppressive of the summer. The distance of the first day's hike was only about twelve miles from our camp or ten miles from the city, but what miles they were. The journey which Bunyan describes Christian as taking in "Pilgrim's Progress" was an infantile thing compared with the hike that thirty-five hundred Illinois boys made on that memorable day. Only one month from the balmy breezes of Lake Michigan, from office-desks and in-door occupations to a half-day's march beneath a purgatorial sun, that may not have burned any sins away but did destroy many a pleasant illusion about the easy, adventurous and romantic life of a soldier. Any rookie who could have performed the miracle of having his enlistment expire on that day would have needed more than moral 'suasion to make him re-enlist. Our regiment alone had more than two hundred and fifty

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United States cavalry in Mexico.

men to fall out of ranks on this first day's hike. The ambulances were crowded and every clump of bushes for the last few miles of the hike had a "capacity house;" in some cases entire squads dropped out at the same time. Panting and exhausted soldiers were lying face up to the sun, not having the strength to roll over and make themselves more comfortable. Time and again some of us would stop just long enough to put their packs under their heads and leave them for the care of the medical corps. In one case I was sure a boy was at death's door, so I mounted my little horse, that had been issued to me the day before by a thoughtful government, was barefoot, and limped like a peg-leg man, had already taken one fall with me that day, breaking my glasses and wrenching my back, and digging the spurs into his hide I went for the surgeon. He hurried back toward the rear and in a few minutes came back with *the wrong man,* who was as white as a sheet and virtually out of his head. So again I went for another surgeon, who carelessly asked me: "How is your dying man acting?" "Why he seems to be in terrible agony with his stomach and the boys are having a task of it holding him." "O well, that isn't the way a dead man acts, he'll come out all right, he's just got the cramps from drinking too much water," and this good Samaritan went on smoking his cigar. I tell you honestly a rout in

battle could not have been more depressing on the spirits of those who are not accustomed to suffering. What lessons can we gather from the fearful experiences of that march? In the first place, how fit was our regiment after a month's training and daily short hikes for real service amid the alkali plains and deserts of Mexico and beneath even a fiercer sun than that of Texas? It was certainly the finest proof that no group of civilians would be worth a tinker's dam in a real emergency. Kitchener's three months of training for the civilian volunteer army of England was the very least time in which the soft and easy going civilian could be made into a soldier.

But with all the distressing circumstances and without seeking to minimize one iota the abominable showing of the First Illinois Brigade on its initial hike, yet nevertheless it caused much unnecessary newspaper publicity and taught some salutary lessons to every officer and man connected with the Brigade. Just prior to the last hour of the hike, a newspaper correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune* and their motion picture operator requested Colonel Sanborn to halt the advance guard and allow the regiment to close up so that the latter might take some pictures of the organization. This the colonel refused to do without orders from the Brigade commander, and he was a bit impatient with them for making such a re-

quest. Who could blame him? Shall an army on the march reorganize itself to suit the whim of a correspondent? But shortly after this the regiment began to fall by the way-side and the correspondent saw his opportunity to get back at somebody. The report which he sent to his paper was eminently successful. His article and the ed-

United States ambulance rendering first aid to wounded soldiers. Also the Hotel de Hike.

itorial which it elicited criticized everybody concerned as being bone-headed; the regular army officers for setting such a task for green troops; the officers of our regiment for being overly ambitious to make a record and consequently overdoing things; the men for being so dandy and soft that they were unable to stand up under the strain of so pusillanimous a hike; and finally they expressed

a very unfavorable opinion regarding the climate of San Antonio. This article succeeded beautifully in making everybody sore; Gen. Funston and the regular army officers were mad, the people and press of San Antonio fairly raved that their climate should be so misrepresented (for San Antonio is a city that lives not by the sweat of its brow, but by sweating the tourist, and I heard one reputable citizen say that he had no doubt that this adverse publicity cost the city one hundred thousand dollars), and the First Illinois Brigade had a special summary court before which this correspondent was called to answer for his libelous statements. It is therefore not to be wondered at that when our regiment was ordered home and this correspondent went to sleep in the smoker from the influence of John Barleycorn that he was allowed to sleep it off while the most desirable berths were distributed without quite so much care to honor the representative of the "World's Greatest Newspaper." It may not be best to put in all these little personal things about our experiences on the Border but I am writing this book not as an essay on the things beautiful but as a true narrative of the inner life and significance of our Border experiences,—and even in times of war the personal equation is a tremendous factor; as for example when Lincoln appointed a general not because of his ability but because he

had such a good German name that it would have an excellent influence on the people of Germanic extraction in winning him votes and the Cause he

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United States troops watching Mexican peons attempt to replace an American-built bridge over the Santa Maria River.

represented their largest and most loyal support.

As a matter of fact the Illinois troops did make a rotten showing on this hike, but instead of the unfavorable criticism of everyone involved the

newspaper men might just as easily have given the real reasons for the same without hurting anyone. In the first place this, our initial hike, fell upon the hottest day of the summer, there wasn't a cloud to temper the sun's rays; the first two hours of the hike were over paved streets which are twice as hard to march upon as a dirt road; the majority of the men had never had a similar experience and were wanting in a knowledge of how to conserve their strength and keep up the spirit of their units; and last, in spite of the precautions of their officers, the men drank their water in the early stages of the march. Then when some of the men became tired they dropped out to rest, and their example became contagious; at least two hundred of the two hundred and fifty acted from suggestion and not because of exhaustion. In other words, on that first day they lacked pride in sticking to the end, a thing which ever after that they had, and which supported them to stand any hardship rather than bring disgrace upon their organization. Moreover on that first day the officers were so considerate of the men that discipline was relaxed and they lost control of their units. But the lessons of this hike sufficed for the entire ummer, and thereafter on every hike the boys rded their water, conserved their strength, as- d the fellow who was about to fall out by add- rifle and equipment to their loads and kept

up their spirits by songs and humorous chaffing of each other. The officers of companies and battalions prided themselves on bringing their commands into camp without the loss of a single man. In order to do this the majors very often walked the entire distance as an example to the men and rather than have a soldier go to the ambulance they would put him on their horses for a while until he could return to his command. In the same spirit the Colonel walked the entire distance of one march, but the men preferred for him to ride as he then set his horse's pace to that of the men while when he walked his long legs covered the ground too fast for them. These hikes, which gradually lengthened to seventeen miles, were not near so trying after three months on the Border. After our last march of seventeen miles, with only twelve miles between us and San Antonio, a number of the boys felt so good that they expressed a desire to finish the whole trip in one day; and it is my conviction that we could have done this without losing any considerable number of men, for by this time they were as hard as rocks and their spirit of stick-to-it-ive-ness had grown in proportion.

This suggests one blessing which our stay on the Border brought to the men which they will never be able thoroughly to appreciate, and that was the blessing of health through outdoor exercise. Men

who went to Texas with bay-windows and flabby muscles, whose life in the city consisted in a great deal of eating and very little exercise, said repeatedly in my presence: "This summer is going to add ten years to the lives of many of us." Those hikes were the things that did it. Some of the corpulent fellows, in spite of Pearl Beer (San Antonio's favorite!), reduced so much that before the summer was over their form-fitting uniforms looked like gunny-sacks hung over gate-posts. Since I have referred to drinking in a joking way, let me say that the temperance spirit in the First Infantry was splendid. Neither was it due to any influence of religion but to a strong conviction that liquor destroys a man's efficiency. Once or twice the devotees of "Pearl" tried to get me into an argument on the value of beer but it was never necessary for me to argue with them for there was always some one else present who emphatically affirmed that it was harmful, and in such decorative language that anything that the Chaplain might say would have seemed stale. The top-sergeant in the Headquarters' Company was reduced to the ranks for buying beer right after we had reached a temporary camp. From Colonel Sanborn straight through our organization, temperance of life and habit was the rule. I would not affirm that our organization was any more religious than any other, probably not, but it was officered by men whose

example and precept taught the dangers of intemperance and impurity. One of the officers told me of the only time that he had ever gotten drunk. "It was in Denver," he said; "we were leaving the city after that great reception the National Guard of Colorado had given us, and I had too much whiskey in me. I was having a high old time of it in the officers' coach when the Colonel remarked that there was too much noise going on in the car, whereupon I got out of the seat and standing in the aisle I looked at him and said, 'Funny face.' He never paid any attention to it then, but the next morning he called me to him and asked if he could afford to place confidence in a company commander who would get drunk? Whether in an emergency it would be safe to trust such a man with a command? I told him 'Certainly not' and from that day to this I haven't touched a thing stronger than beer, and then only in reasonable quantities." With a regimental commander who can hit a nail on the head like that is it any wonder that the officers of the First Illinois hew to the line of temperance?

But this is not a book on ethics or religion, and I shall diverge from the subject of hikes just long enough to say that our boys had an interest in a religion of life and of character that was very pleasing. Usually the entire regiment attended religious services, with a few visitors from the

Second and Seventh Regiments as well. The boys were an inspiration, their attentive and appreciative listening made preaching to them one of the greatest joys that I have ever known. I tried to give messages that were as applicable to the thought life of Catholics and Jews as to Protestants, and that I was at least successful in this is proven by the fact that a number of the boys thought that I was a Jewish Rabbi. A Protestant church, a Catholic name and a Jewish nose are good assets for an army chaplain.

The Young Men's Christian Association did a splendid work on the Border. Except for the variety of religion that a gaunt, pale-faced, hungry-looking seminary student passed out, they accomplished much good for our Brigade; and I am sure they did the same all along the Border. A soldier's life is at best one of hardship and loneliness. It is work from morning to night, with none of the comforts or relaxations of home. The Y. M. C. A. is the only agency that systematically and efficiently seeks to remedy the short-comings of camp life. It provides a place for recreation; where magazines, phonograph, stationery and tables are waiting for the boys. In the evening and at other times when off duty, they can find here a place to write their letters home, and be in the company and atmosphere of the finest fellows. If it were not for the Y. M. C. A., the boys would

The Young Men's Christian Association at the front.

have nothing to do in the evenings that could possibly be considered constructively helpful. Idleness in the evenings, "all dressed up with no place to go," would be a menace to the moral life of the men were it not for the Young Men's Christian Association. The Knights of Columbus also established Catholic reading rooms at many places on the Border.

Returning now to the hikes, there was not a single injury resulting from them. This was due not to the wisdom of the men but to the discipline of the officers and the precautionary measures of the medical corps, who had to take the place of papa and mamma and maiden-aunt to a lot of indiscreet youngsters who would like to celebrate after one of these long marches with a half dozen ice-cream cones, a slice or two of watermelon, three or four soda-pops, and top it all off with a few beers. To begin with no venders of foodstuffs were ever allowed in the camp and when on the march the ice-cream wagons came confidently forth to sell their cones to over-heated soldiers, guards were placed over them with instructions that no one should be allowed to buy ice-cream, likewise with saloons a provost guard was placed at every entrance with instructions that no soldier should be allowed to buy a drink. As soon as we reached a temporary camping place details were selected to dig latrines and a guard stationed all about the camp

to see that no one defecated elsewhere. To violate this rule was one of the gravest offences against our Army Ten Commandments. Paraphrasing the Twentieth Chapter of Exodus these commandments read as follows:

I am thy Colonel who brought thee out of Illinois into a land of jiggers.

1. Thou shalt have no other Colonels before me.

2. Thou shalt not take unto thee any congressman nor any likeness of a politician that may live in Chicago, Springfield or Washington; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them, for I thy Colonel am a jealous Colonel visiting the iniquities of these politicians upon you unto the second and third years of your enlistment, but showing mercy unto a thousand men who love me and keep my commandments.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Colonel in vain, for the Colonel will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

4. Remember thy superior officer to treat him respectfully. All those below thee have I given unto thee to kick and cuss and cuff, but thy superior officer is unto thee as thy Colonel's representative; him thou shalt not kick, thou, nor thy sergeant, nor thy corporal, nor thy high-private, nor thy rookie that is within thy camp; all that are beneath thee have I given unto thee to do unto them as thou seest fit, but thy superior officer thou shalt reverence and obey.

5. Honor thy Colonel and thy Lieut.-Colonel that thy days may be short in the land of scorpions which Woodrow Wilson thy President has given unto thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill jack-rabbits—with Springfield rifles or Colt automatics—near the Camp.

7. Thou shalt not commit adultery, else when disease lays hold upon thee thy pay shall be docked, the time of thine illness added

to thine enlistment period, and such other punishment meted out to thee as shall seem wise in the eyes of a summary court.

8. Thou shalt not steal from Uncle Sam, neither shalt thou sell thy fellow's blanket for a glass of beer.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness before a summary court.

10. Thou shalt not covet another's tent, nor his cook, nor his sweetheart, nor his horse, nor his mule, nor anything that is another's.

In breaking a camp every company is required to police its quarters, after which one company is detailed to remain behind and further police the entire camp site. This company gathers stray bits of paper and refuse of any sort that may have been overlooked, fills trenches and latrines, buries tin cans, and in fact does everything to make the camp wholesome as an immediate site for some other regiment. This care of the camp shows the character of an organization better than almost anything else possibly could. I have seen our regiment leave its camp looking like a freshly cleaned parlor floor while that of an adjoining regiment resembled the back-alley of a tenement district. The importance of this care of the camp site on taking a regimental leave is shown by the following experience of our Brigade. We made a hike to New Braunsfeld, Texas, about three weeks after another brigade had departed. About a week before we reached New Braunsfeld the regular army officers inspected the camp grounds and

found a million flies waiting to receive us. They used hundreds of gallons of oil in their effort to destroy these pests and make our camp wholesome. But in spite of every effort on their part we found thousands of these pestiferous little birds hovering about to share our meals and scatter disease. To those people who may regard the fly as a more or less harmless little creature I must recall the fact that during the Spanish-

Company inspection.

American War, which did not last any longer than our stay on the Border, concentration camps were pest-holes of disease while under the new sanitary regulations there was virtually no sickness in any of the camps and the general health of the men was probably better than it would have been at home.

Another feature of the hikes that marks a step of scientific progress which may at first seem ludicrous, but on consideration will commend itself to every thoughtful person, was the "foot inspection" which immediately followed our arrival at a new camp. Every soldier in the regiment was required to take off his shoes and socks and submit to an examination of his feet by his company officers and the regimental surgeons. In an infan-

Inspecting Company A, Illinois Signal Corps.

try regiment foot trouble is a serious thing, and under some circumstances (as for example a fallen arch) may lead as quickly to a discharge from the service as though the misfortune was that of a weak heart. It follows then that exceptional care must be taken of the feet; first in the choice of

shoes, in wearing socks without holes, in the regular bathing of the feet, and in the inspection and treatment of the feet after a hike to prevent blisters from becoming infected through neglect or mistreatment.

The hike tries a soldier's character as much if not more than anything else in army life. It is the acid test that proves a man's qualities. It gives the soldier a chance to be selfish, crooked, deceitful and rebellious. No matter how long the hike may be or how convenient water is to the line of march, each soldier is allowed only one canteen of water and this he must fill the night before so as not to delay the march. This regulation was perhaps the hardest point of discipline that the officers were called upon to enforce. The reasonableness of the regulation many of the soldiers either would not or could not see, and every subterfuge was used to evade the officers and violate this regulation. The selfish soldier will drink all of his water in the early stages of the march and then beg another fellow who has conserved his supply to divide with him. The tricky soldier will drink his early in the march and then trust that he can sneak out of the line and refill his canteen without being seen. The crook will feign sickness so that he can get a ride in the ambulance or impose his rifle and equipment upon others who are equally tired but more courageous. The rebel-

[illegible] soldier will openly seek to violate a rule which he knows his officers are in duty and honor bound to enforce. I have seen captains relieved of their commands because of the deceit or rebelliousness of their men. As one of the majors volunteered to me after relieving an officer of his command, "It isn't that the captain has been guilty of any misconduct but I forestall the Colonel's criticism of me and give the men an object lesson which will excuse their company commanders in dealing severely with those who are guilty of breaches of discipline."

Without thoroughly understanding this problem the layman would probably feel that the soldier was being imposed upon when forced to march past house after house where his canteen might be refilled, especially when the boys actually feel that they are dying of thirst. Why such strictness anyway? Because experience teaches that long marches can be made better with little rather than with much water. Because the water may not be wholesome, it has not been analyzed and in an enemy country might be poisoned and most important of all we were in training for service in Mexico. If the training was to be effective we must adapt ourselves to similar conditions while at home. The training men get must always be based on adverse conditions if it is to be of any value to them when meeting a foe. Undoubtedly

officers sometimes make grave mistakes but they are always striving to render the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of men in ways that have been approved after a period of trial and error which extends back to the dawn of history.

CHAPTER VIII

HANDICAPS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD

ONE of the most serious drawbacks to an adequate and efficient National Guard is the opposition of labor unions. Strange as it may seem to those whose lives have been given to the unselfish labor of preparing themselves and others to defend our government in times of emergency, yet every guardsman in the United States has had to face this problem time and again. The men in the ranks have had to defend themselves against the slurring remarks that have been cast at them as the minions of capital. The officers, in their efforts to increase the Guard, have either felt the cold and silent opposition of the moderate unionist, which made their efforts very difficult, or the outspoken and bitter antagonism of radicals, which made their efforts fruitless. The reasoning of the laboring class has seemed to be as follows: "These soldiers are our enemies, for, when we strike for higher wages or shorter hours, they are always called to frustrate our efforts and protect the capitalist."

As a friend of the laboring classes who desires for them the best that can be had in hours, wages

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The long, thin line of American transports, taking supplies from the border to the soldiers pursuing Villa.

and conditions, I wish to register a strong protest against this policy which so seriously weakens our government's military strength. I am not so badly informed concerning the history of unionism and its splendid efforts to better conditions for the laboring man as to be ignorant of the fact that there have been times when state executives have used the National Guard to protect the capitalist while he has used "scab" labor to defeat their legitimate demands; and I am of the opinion that this is a great crime against the laboring man. His livelihood, his home, his wife and his children deserve as much consideration as invested capital. But the solution of this injustice is not in striking at the National Guard but through the revision of our state and federal laws. Under our present legal system, property rights are most sacred, and whenever any man finds himself or the local authorities unable to protect these rights, he has the privilege of calling upon the state government to protect his interests with the militia. The laboring man has this right as well as the capitalist, but our laws have never yet sufficiently expressed the needs of a new social order in which strikes are only an outward manifestation and in which thousands of lives are involved as well as property rights. It is my opinion that we need a federal law, providing that whenever a strike situation becomes so menacing

as to demand the presence of the National Guard for the protection of property, that the instant such troops arrive upon the scene, the solution of the differences shall be taken out of the hands of the strikers and capitalists and settled by a federal board of arbitration. This would protect the capitalists against the depredations of strikers and the strikers against the selfish use of the National Guard.

But until such legislation, the union man should revise his thinking. Does he object to living in a state or nation where property rights are held sacred, is he averse to owning property himself, does he not strive with all his might to better his financial condition, so that he may himself make advantageous investments in a home, business or otherwise? Can he then honestly, as an American citizen, begrudge others the protection of property rights which he would be quick to demand for himself?

Has the union man ever honestly faced this problem that the National Guard is never called out except where men seek to abrogate the rights of the law and destroy property or human life, and where the disturbances have become so riotous and dangerous to the public peace that neither the local police force nor the sheriff and his deputies are able to cope with the situation? No peaceful citizen, and most union men are of this

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United States Army field kitchen on the border.

class, has ever had a soldier of the National Guard face him with a loaded rifle or a fixed bayonet.

Moreover, the unions have a sadly distorted conception of the motives and functions of National Guardsmen. To them these soldiers are simply the minions of wealth, the enemies of labor. This is all wrong. The National Guard is the lineal descendant of the Minute Men of revolutionary fame, who in times of peace prepared for war. They elected their officers, gathered their arms and ammunition, and made a military program. That is ninety-nine per cent of what the National Guard is doing all through the year. Until this present year, there was no government compensation for guardsmen, either officers or men, except for one week in the year during the encampment. There are hundreds and thousands of patriots who for ten, twenty and thirty years have devoted from one to three nights a week to the service of our government without one cent of compensation and little appreciation. These are the men whom our government would have to depend upon in any emergency. Is it asking too much for labor unions to have a somewhat larger conscience than their own little group and think in terms of our country for a while?

I know whereof I am writing concerning this matter. When pastor of a church in Chicago I felt so sure of the value of the Guard to our coun-

try, as well as to the individual boy or man who enlists in its ranks that I went to a number of the ministers and boys' classes in their churches, trying to interest them in enlisting in the First Illinois Infantry. One class of twenty boys was very much interested and told their pastor that they thought they would all join the First Infantry, but on returning to their homes, their parents and brothers said to them, "So you'll join the National Guard and shoot down your own father and brothers, will you?" and not a single boy enlisted. One minister said to me very frankly, "My people are all from the working class and have no use for the Guard and neither have I, you can't talk to my young men on this subject."

It may be a hard saying but I feel that such people who have so little appreciation of the sacrifices in time and money, which the guardsmen all over the United States have made, deserve no protection against the ravages of war.

Upon no single group of people can we so much lay the blame for the paucity in numbers and deficiency in equipment of the National Guard at the beginning of the summer of 1916 as upon the labor unions. In every city and state of the union their opposition had discouraged enlistment and depleted the regiments to such an extent that but few regiments had the minimum number of men required by the federal government before such

organizations could be mustered into the federal service. Not only so, but the opposition of labor organizations has confined the appropriation of funds to the state militia to within such narrow limits as to defeat its thorough equipment and consequently its best efficiency.

It may seem to those who are unfamiliar with this subject that I am giving an undue emphasis to it, but if they had seen and heard of the difficulties which the labor unions have made for the Guard, and if they had witnessed the fruit of this unreasonable antagonism as I have done, they would realize the importance of a frank and thorough treatment of this subject. I would not say that the laboring man is not a patriot, that he is not as willing as any other man to die for the Stars and Stripes, but I do affirm most solemnly that he has shown an extremely poor sample of patriotism in his relationship to the National Guard.

To be sure he enlisted when it seemed like war with Mexico was imminent, but what training or experience had he had to fit him for the field? Thus after opposing the Guard from without to its great detriment, he responds to the call to arms as a raw recruit who must be trained when there is no time to train, equipped when there is nothing with which to equip him, and disciplined when discipline is hardest and patience is least. This unreasonable, and I think unjustifiable and unpatriotic prej-

udice, acts as a constant detriment to boys and young men who would gladly avail themselves of the military training, summer outing and real fellowship of red-blooded men which the National Guard offers. There are no doubt a million young men in America who would gladly take advantage of the opportunities thus offered were it not for

Signal corps equipment.

this prejudice which creates everywhere an atmosphere which varies from cold indifference to bitter hostility. The great State of California furnishes a striking illustration of this condition. With all their fear of the yellow peril and constantly reiterated statements that there are thousands of ex-Japanese soldiers living in their State, unionism is so strong in California that the National Guard is a negligible factor.

Handicaps of the National Guard

No matter how efficiently a few men may be trained, if in cases of emergency the crowd comes in undisciplined and unprepared, the character of the organization will be made by these new recruits. Consequently the National Guard must work with a skeleton organization in times of peace because of the unsympathetic attitude of its

Sixteenth United States Infantry entrenching at Colonia Dublan, Mexico.

own citizens, and be cursed with a lot of untrained men in times of emergency because of their spasmodic bursts of patriotism; and all this in spite of the fact that the one purpose of the Guard is to furnish trained men to meet just such emergencies.

Another cause of weakness in the past that may possibly be helped by the new act of Congress is the pecunious policy of the states and national government toward the Guard. Absolute indiffer-

ence to the proper housing and equipping of such organizations has discouraged many who would otherwise have had a great deal of interest. Many a young man, who would gladly have joined the Guard, has gone to the armory with the purpose of enlisting and then changed his mind. Take, for example, the city of St. Louis in the rich State of Missouri. Its only regiment, the First Infantry and the crack regiment of the State, is housed in a one story building that were it a barn would humble the pride of a thoroughbred horse. While in Chicago the "Dandy First," while housed elegantly compared with most national guard organizations, finds its big four story armory inadequate; and that armory was built not by the State of Illinois but by public subscriptions of patriotic citizens.

The pecuniousness of the states and federal government has resulted in other drawbacks. In the past no officer or man received one cent of compensation for his services, except during the week of the summer encampment; with what result? The privates must come to the armory fifty-two nights a year for drill, while the officers must on the average give at least two nights a week to the duties and responsibilities placed upon them. Moreover, the officers are responsible for all of the equipment,—rifles, uniforms, etc., in their several commands. For the proper care and return of this

equipment, they must be bonded; and they are required to provide their own uniforms, side-arms and field equipment. I know officers in the National Guard who affirm that they have five hundred dollars tied up in uniforms; and one man of wealth, who has devoted forty years to service in the Guard has estimated that in dollars and cents the sacrifice of time alone has cost him fifty thousand dollars. There is a reverse side of this which is equally interesting and has a direct bearing on the efficiency of the Guard. Hundreds of men have devoted years of service in the ranks and as non-commissioned officers who could not aspire to the rank of a commissioned officer because of the expense involved. I have talked to some of these exceptionally fine men, who in every sense were fitted for promotion and always with the same result, "We couldn't stand the financial pace that an officer must set to keep his company in good shape."

On the other hand, company commanders have confided that while some men had their clubs and their golf and their high powered cars for their hobbies, they were spending their surplus funds in building up their companies, offering prizes and giving treats to the men to keep up their interest.

Possibly the new Chamberlain bill will remedy some of this injustice and make service in the National Guard more attractive to worthy and ambi-

tious men who could not in the past make the sacrifices involved in being officers and were not willing to serve forever in the ranks. Under the new bill, officers and men are to receive some compensation, which, it is hoped, will tend to increase the interest of the men and relieve the officers of some of the burdens which they have so unselfishly and patriotically borne without compensation or adequate appreciation in the past. The degree of compensation, which national guardsmen are to receive in the future, is certainly nothing more than justice would dictate, but there are so many strings tied to the proposed measure of compensation for the Guard that it is questionable whether any National Guard regiment will be able to draw the salaries provided for in the Hay-Chamberlain Bill, and speaking for the Guard everywhere we would rather the compensation should be dispensed with if only we could see that degree of appreciation and co-operation that would increase the size of the National Guard to a million well trained, patriotic men.

But these obstacles to an adequate and efficient Guard were both known prior to the summer of 1916. It remained for our experiences on the Border to show other weaknesses never before manifested. The old conception of the Guard was, that as state militiamen, their service was restricted to that of the state. In case of war, it was, there-

United States soldiers making a halt on the Mexican desert.

fore, necessary for the Guard to re-enlist as volunteers in order to be used without their own state. Then there came a modification of the law which changed the function of the state militia to that of a National Guard. But still the idea was that they should only be used in the territory of the United States. It was under this law, or with this interpretation of the law, that our present National Guard entered the service in the summer of 1916. But the present Chamberlain bill, which is now the law regulating the National Guard, aims definitely at making it a reserve force to supplement the regular army at home or abroad. This raises some delicate problems.

The men who entered the Guard entered with the purpose of preparing for war, but it now appears that they may be called out at any time and used as a police force to keep a bunch of bandits on the other side of the international fence. Moreover, it appears further that the guardsman has no choice in the matter of taking the federal oath and being mustered into its service. This legal problem I must leave unanswered, but suffice it to say that every day and night and hour of the recent period of service on the Border, the guardhouse lawyer (as the fellow who talks about his legal rights in the army is called) was arguing the question, "What right did they have to make us

assume a new obligation by duress, force of arms and the threat of court-martial?''

The average soldier, who enlists in the regular army with the idea of living on fifteen dollars a month, knows what he is doing, usually hasn't a remunerative business or any dependents, and so in getting food, clothing, quarters and fifty cents spending money a day is not making a bad bargain, while the average guardsman is employed, has a remunerative position and fifty times out of a hundred he is either married or on the verge of getting married.

The situation which arose when one hundred thousand guardsmen were called from their homes and businesses was little less than tragic. A few of these, but relatively very few, who worked for the great corporations were well cared for. These corporations, such as the Bell Telephone Company; Sears, Roebuck; Marshall Field, and the big packing plants, either continued to pay the men's salaries in full or the difference between what they were getting on the Border and in civil life. These corporations, which are so often spoken of as heartless, unpatriotic, etc., came across with as sublime an example of true patriotism as it is possible for the business world to show. What comfort, security and happiness they gave by this patriotic service God only knows; but what misery and sorrow they saved innumerable families, those

of us who read the letters from the stricken homes *where there was now no one to provide,* can testify.

What a world of trouble this difference between the regular army and the National Guard did engender. No sooner did we reach the mobilization camp than wives began to plead with their husbands to get out of the service and these appeals came so persistently as to depress and demoralize their husbands until they were half crazed. When, as one man put it, "I left my wife and children with two dollars and a half between them and hunger" you have the problem epitomized. Another poor fellow came to me with a letter from his wife, which read something like this: "Dear Charlie, I have always loved you devotedly and done everything in my power to be a good wife, and I have always thought until now that you loved us, but since you can leave us as you are now doing, I can not believe that you love us. Where can I get the money to pay our rent, to buy our food and to get shoes for the little girls. Do you think anyone could love his family and leave them in such destitution? While you are off on this lark, what shall we do?" The poor fellow was all broken up and cried like a child as he said, "Oh, I was just wild for a letter from home and so blue over leaving them, I was just crazy to get a cheerful letter from my wife, telling me that she loved me and understood that I had to go in response to the

call of duty, and then to get this letter, it nearly broke my heart." So I said to him, "Let me write your wife a letter," and he said, "Chaplain, I wish you would and please explain to her just how I feel, for somehow it doesn't seem that I can write myself." So I wrote to this heart-broken wife and put the problem of patriotism up to her. No sooner had I given this letter to the man to read and mail than his tent mate came to me and said, "I am leaving a sick wife, and we are expecting a baby in a few weeks. Can't you write to her and brighten her lot a little?" Shortly another came, "Chaplain, do you think it possible for a woman to die of nervousness? My wife seems to have gone completely to pieces and I am afraid she will die." So it fell to my lot to help meet this situation and I believe that I am safe in affirming that the regular army doesn't have this kind of demoralizing problem confronting it.

Then the situation is only half stated. Where is the man who has a business or profession that can go away for an indefinite period and not be worried about the result? This is the position of the guardsman. On the other hand, the regular army officer or man has only his daily duties to perform. For example, let us compare the medical corps of the two services. The medical officer in the army enters as a First Lieutenant from an internship and a special training course. He draws

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Auto supply train speeding fresh food over the Mexican desert after word came that the Carranza Government had refused the use of the railroad to carry food and supplies to our troops. Each auto had a guard of the Twenty-fourth Infantry placed on the car and alert for an attack of the wild forager.

a salary of one hnudred and sixty-six dollars from the start. After five years, he is promoted to Captain with a salary of two hundred dollars, house rent, etc., thrown in, and with ten per cent additional salary for every five years of service. There is nothing startling about his future, he will not die rich, but he has absolutely nothing to worry him while in the service of the government. But the National Guard doctor has probably been working for nothing for the first few years of his life and now is just at the place where his income is fine, when, presto, the government calls him. Every month that he is in the government's service means that more of his patients go to other doctors for treatment; and this same rule is applicable to lawyers, dentists, musicians and business men. It wouldn't be so bad if these men could know *how long* they are to be in the government service; but this no one can tell and it is an appalling situation in which to be placed. But again let me say if the Guard had been called for actual service against an enemy, it would all be different; but this thing of walking a dirt road for Uncle Sam while you think of the fellow at home who is walking away with your business is far from a pleasant thought. As one private expressed it in my hearing, "When I was a kid, I studied geography and read about how Texas was as big as all out doors, but I didn't

dream then that when I became a man, I was going to have to walk all over it."

But wives and families, business and professions are not the only drawbacks to the efficiency and value of the Guard. Political influence never takes its hands off of anything that pertains to a state. Most guard officers and most regiments are deep in politics. The ability to pay political debts at a sacrifice of military efficiency is too strong a temptation to governors and colonels to be neglected. The new tests through which the war department puts the officers of the Guard should help to eliminate this, but there have been too many flagrant examples of political wire pulling to despise, discount or fail to deal frankly with this subject. I believe that the First Illinois Infantry is as absolutely free of political influence, and as unyielding in its purpose to promote and attain military perfection as any regular army organization in America, but this is due to the peerless leadership of Colonel Sanborn who has no wires to pull and won't allow anybody to use him as a tool. The ideal in the First Infantry is purely military, but not so with many of the organizations. In a certain regiment, the Governor's son was taken from the ranks and made Captain of a company. If it had been the President's son in the First Illinois Infantry, he would have come through the various ranks as any other man; and it is a matter of pride

with the First Illinois Infantry that there isn't a Captain in our organization that has not seen at least ten years of service.

But to illustrate more definitely how politics hindered us while on the Border. Every man who wanted to be mustered out of the service began to do political wire pulling. One man wrote to General Funston, the Secretary of War and the President, asking for his release, and all of these letters came back and were referred to his company commander, and it may be added that he was duly admonished not to try this again. Parents and wives interceded with congressmen and United States senators for the release of their boys, and as good politicians they of course did "everything in their power to secure the same," which power was usually considerably less than enough to accomplish anything more than perpetual annoyance to the officers and unrest among the men.

Furthermore, the chameleon-like changes of Congress with reference to aiding dependent families or releasing those who were needed for their support caused daily discussions, unrest and dissatisfaction. The sense of being used as a political pawn for campaign purposes again took root following the passing of another humiliating chapter in our relationship with Mexico.

After all is said, these two things must stand out as clearly deducible from the experiences of the

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Mountain artillery advancing in Mexico.

Guard on the Border. First, that there is something wrong with the Guard as at present composed. Either the government must restrict its calls upon the Guard to seasons of actual warfare when the motive to sacrifice is intensified to such a degree that dependents and business may be forgotten or it must limit the membership in the ranks to unmarried men.

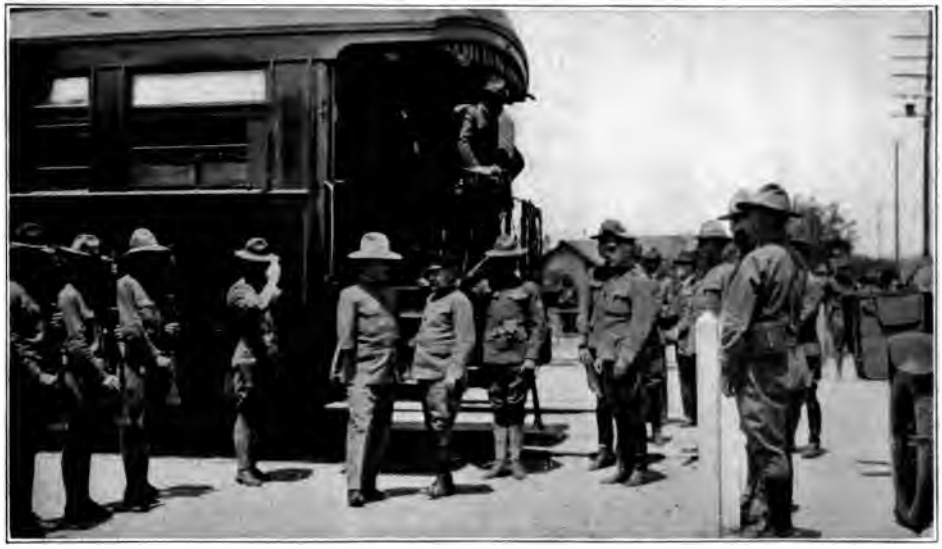
Second, it has shown that the American people are not patriotic, except by spasms; that many business men who are strong on preparedness parades will, nevertheless, frighten their absentee employees with the threat that unless they return by such and such a date their places will be forfeited. As a corollary to this, it has been shown that many men, swept off their feet in a moment of enthusiasm, are really unwilling to sacrifice their time and money for the country's good.

It has also been shown that there are women in America whose smallness of view and selfish want of patriotism remind me that people can live beneath the Stars and Stripes and yet have no country. God knows I admire more the peasant women of Europe sunk as they may be beneath the iron heel of poverty and adversity but still bracing their sons and husbands with courage to fight for their native land, than all the money loving, pleasure-seeking daughters of prideless America. But, thank heaven, they were not all that way, those

wives of the veterans of '98 who thought that they were passing beneath the shadow of death for the second time. I shall never forget the good cheer and noble bearing of those women as they sent their husbands away to what they thought was the battle front. They had no less love for their husbands because they loved their country more. Their eyes and faces showed so much feeling that it was a sacrilege to look at them in those last moments of parting. But, how they carried themselves! That is the point, they carried themselves like those heroines of the past whose noble sacrifices placed the stars in Old Glory, while their husbands stained its stripes with *their royal blood.*

The experiences of the summer showed how lacking in perspective our nation is. Anxious as so many have been to settle the Mexican question expeditiously and with honor; repeatedly as the warning has been given that it takes time to make an army and that entering the tropics unseasoned and unprepared, would be certain to result in useless sacrifices of men; in fact, would be a kind of national suicide, nevertheless, the deepest resentment was felt toward the administration for calling on so many men to make the sacrifice of a few months in training.

I disapproved of the present administration's policies, and thought its entire program wrong with reference to Mexico, yet I cannot see how any one



Generals Funston and Obregon meeting for a conference at El Paso, Texas.

can question the value of mobilizing the Guard. It has given more real training to the officers and men of the National Guard than twenty years of summer encampments could have done. It has furnished the opportunity for regular army officers to command larger units and to acquaint themselves with the practical problems that are therein involved. It has tested the War Department's theories of mobilization and undoubtedly keyed up the whole military machine. Most important of all, it has given a practical demonstration of the value or lack of value which the Guard, in its particular units or as a whole, possesses. No reasonable person can question the certainty of these results. When to these known assets is added the uncertain put probable influence which the mobilization of the Guard had upon the Mexican military chieftains who style themselves the constitutionalist government by preventing the further assassination of American soldiers by the constitutionalists' forces and depredations against American property and life by Mexican bandits, we must commend the administration for so belated an action as the mobilization of the National Guard even if it was just before the presidential election. Even if it were politics that led to this action, still it was good politics, and, in view of Lincoln's combination of policy and principle, it must be considered meritorious. Two further thoughts deserve treatment

in this connection. One of the opinions quite frequently expressed was to the effect that the mobilization of the Guard and its long stay on the border was instigated by the regular army officers for the purpose of so demoralizing the Guard as to lead to the wholesale resignation of its officers, and the rapid disintegration of the organizations by the refusal of the men to re-enlist on the expiration of their periods of service, which program would first eventuate (so those who held this opinion said) in the conviction becoming widespread that the Guard was too unstable and unreliable to place any confidence in for purposes of national defense or for any other practical value to the Government in times of stress and strain, and would result in the abandonment of the proposed program of the government to develop the Guard to a higher degree of efficiency and consider it as a second line of defense. "Conversely," said these camp fire critics, "the public will feel disposed as a result of the proven deficiencies of the Guard to further enlarge the regular army, which will mean more rapid promotion to these regular army officers; and it is for this reason that the Guard was called out and is being held so long upon the border."

Not having anything to do, as the Chaplain is constantly informed by his brother officers, who regard him as a sort of appendix, the vestiginal remains of a once functioning organ whose only func-

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Apache Indian scouts with the army in Mexico.

tion now is to cause periodic spasms of pain once a week, not having anything to do, as aforestated, I probably spent more time than any other man on the border, General Funston and Captain Fitzhugh Lee, excepted, looking up the sources of what church people call gossip and the soldiers call "latrine dope." So after due and careful deliberation and investigation, which stopped for safety first reasons just this side of General Funston, I am of the opinion that "there's nothing to it." The regular army would welcome a National Guard of half-a-million men trained to the highest degree of perfection, for they know full well that in a real crisis the regular army no matter what its size could not hope to cope with it alone. Moreover, I think that this sentiment of a few guardsmen is by no means the opinion of its more thoughtful men. That natural feeling of superiority which the professional always feels toward the amateur in any trade or vocation sometimes engenders suspicion and the reading-in of motives which do not in reality exist. I believe that the regular army is extremely friendly and considerate of the National Guard, and as a token of that friendliness, I will cite one incident. While at a public gathering in San Antonio, a regular army sergeant was heard by some officers of the Guard and of the regular army abusing and ridiculing the "ram-rod militia." A regular army officer at once de-

manded of him his name, regiment and company and told him to report under arrest to his commanding officer, saying to the officers with him, "He shall lose his chevrons for that." This was a rather outspoken expression of friendliness and comradeship for the Guard. But much more conclusive and satisfactory was the continual courtesy, consideration and effort to assist the guardsmen which characterized the entire official family in the Department of the Southwest.

The second suggestion which is worthy of consideration, and the outcome of which we will all watch with interest, was a statement by Brigadier-General Foster of the First Illinois Brigade that "Our service on the Mexican Border will mark the death-knell of the National Guard because of its interference with business." His deduction was based on the observation that "Every day four or five men in the brigade complete their period of enlistment and relatively none of them are re-entering the service. Since we are not receiving any fresh recruits, as a matter of pure mathematics how long will it take to decimate our organizations."

Captain James D. Melville has confirmed General Foster's opinion as follows: "There is no doubt that the experiences of the past summer will kill the National Guard. Every married, enlisted man will get out of the service; and many officers

United States soldiers resting and preparing dinner on a long hike into Mexico.

will also resign. The fearful strain upon the officers, due to the re-organization of the Guard that went into effect with the Hay-Chamberlain bill of June 3rd, put such heavy responsibilities upon inexperienced men, and resulted in such a flood of unjust criticism that I am confident that there will be a wholesale resignation among officers of the Guard. Prior to June 3rd, there were twelve companies in a regiment, but this new bill called for the organization of three additional companies with special ordnance, signal, sanitary and supply officers. When we were called into the federal service a few days later, no one had mastered the problems involved in these changes, and virtually every one, colonels and brigadier generals included, were at sea as to their duties and the proper method of procedure. Take my own company for example: prior to the Hay-Chamberlain bill we were only a platoon of twenty-one men and two machine guns, but by this bill, we were raised to a company of fifty-three with four guns. We went to the Border without a single gun, for the two that we had were in the arsenal undergoing repairs and had been kept there for a year. We were on the Border a month before our old guns arrived and before we were allowed to draw the two new ones. When we had our complete equipment, so far as the guns concerned, there wasn't a regular army officer San Antonio who could give me one bit

of aid or counsel when I needed information. The most help I could get from any one was from an ex-corporal of the regular army. Moreover, we were taken away from Texas two months before we should have been. Given two more months and we would have been in good shape; for those who stuck after we returned home would have known their business. But as it was, our program of work while in Texas was not thorough nor comprehensive enough, due, so they tell us, to the shortage of regular army officers. It is, therefore, my opinion that the Guard is doomed. Take this new proposition of paying the officers and men; I have read the government's requirements with reference to this and they are too hard, with too much red tape, for men to comply with who must make their living at something else, and I am therefore of the opinion that this will lead to the resignation of many officers, who cannot devote so much time to the Guard."

Just what the future of the Guard is to be no one can tell, but these prophecies pessimistic as they are, will serve to give occasion for thought to those who have carefully considered the handicaps under which the Guard has worked in the past and is to work in the future.

CHAPTER IX

THE TRAGEDIES OF A BLOODLESS CAMPAIGN

DURING an exceedingly busy three and a half months of border experience, we were often overtaken by the joys and sorrows that are common to the lot of man.

Just after we reached Leon Springs, one of the boys in the band received word that his sister had died. Of course he wanted to go home and I was assigned the task of dissuading him from doing so. "What good would it do; in all probability the funeral would be over before you could arrive. There is nothing you can do and would it not be better to remember her as the beautiful young woman, who bade you such an affectionate farewell so short a time ago?" In this way we reasoned with him until he gave up the idea of asking for "a leave of absence." The dear fellows in the band planned that they would do something to lighten his sorrow. So on Sunday morning a few moments before the time set for the funeral service in Chicago, the boys fell into line with their instruments and we marched apart from the camp

over on the rifle range. There on the six hundred yard firing line, while his family was laying the body of his sister to rest, we held a beautiful memorial service. With deep feeling the boys played "Nearer My God to Thee," "Just as I am Without One Plea," and "Asleep in Jesus," after which I made a brief address on "The Immortality of All That is Good and Beautiful."

On another Sabbath, while we were at Leon Springs, I was requested to go to San Antonio with the band and machine gun company of the Second Illinois Infantry to conduct the funeral of one of their boys who had died at the Base Hospital from a fractured skull, resulting from the kick of a mule. This was an extremely sad incident. The boy was to have been married in a short time, but through this unavoidable accident his sweetheart was destined not even to see his remains, as the body was shipped to Arlington Cemetery for interment.

Then we lost one of our boys, Sergeant Darrow of Company K. He was an excellent fellow, well liked by everybody. From the Colonel of the regiment to the youngest rookie in Company K, they all knew and liked Darrow. He was stricken with appendicitis on our way to Leon Springs. Owing to the delay in sending an ambulance for him, his appendix was ruptured before reaching the Base Hospital, and though they operated on him im-

SERGEANT RAYMOND E. DARROW

A splendid fellow, beloved by everybody. He died at the Base Hospital in San Antonio and was the only boy lost during our tour *of duty* in 1916.

mediately upon his arrival, he died a few days later from peritonitis. There was a strong feeling of resentment among the officers and men of the First Illinois Infantry over the death of Darrow. Just a little more zeal and alertness on the part of the Base Hospital and the boy might have been saved. But what is an individual among the thousands of men that are treated in the Base Hospital at San Antonio? We had other illustrations of the loose-jointed inefficiency which characterized this institution. For example, let us consider another incident which concerned Darrow. When word reached the regiment, just the evening before we were leaving San Antonio on a thirty mile hike to New Braunsfeld, that Darrow had taken a turn for the worse and that they had wired for his mother, Major Amerson, Chief Surgeon of our regiment, Major Bittel, Darrow's old Captain, and myself requisitioned the regimental and brigade motor cycles and went in haste to the Hospital. Major Amerson inquired at the office for someone who could throw light on Darrow's condition. A medical captain, smoking a cigarette, with nicotine stains all over his hand, conducted us to Darrow's side. "Who has been waiting on him?" said Major Amerson. "Some medical reserve man, but I don't remember his name." "Where is he now?" "Off duty." "Where is Darrow's chart?" "The nurse is also off duty and I don't know where the

chart is." Not having any other source of information available, Major Amerson asked Darrow how he felt, and on his reply that he thought he was better, we left him—to die. When the news reached us, Major Amerson exclaimed, "If only I could have had access to some real source of information, I might have saved him, but what could any one learn from that cigarette smoking, nicotine stained medical officer? Why, do you think that there is any first-class hospital in the United States where a physician would be allowed to come into a sick ward smoking a cigarette?"

But that was not the only criticism of the Base Hospital at San Antonio. They required some notice before taking in the sick, but they never gave any notice when ready to dismiss them from the Hospital. Moreover, the Hospital was always so crowded with patients that they had only one desire, to dispose of them just as fast as they could. Consequently, we had men turned back to us not "ready for duty" but "ready for duty in about ten days or two weeks." Now men are not supposed to be sent back to a regiment which is living in the field until they are ready for service. Much less are they supposed to be dumped out of the Base Hospital when their regiment is twenty-five miles away and the only method of communication is rough army trucks. Yet this is what happened in more than one case. To illustrate, one of the

boys recently operated upon for appendicitis was turned out of the Base Hospital; he went to the Quadrangle at the Fort about a mile distant and was offered accommodation to Leon Springs on an army truck. Afraid that the jolting would re-open his wound, he attempted to walk to Camp Wilson, which was about a mile and a half distant, where the Third and Fourth Illinois were encamped. It was too much for him, his wound opened before he reached the camp and he requested someone to carry him to a hotel, from whence the house physician sent him to the P. and S. Hospital. Then after a few days he was carried back to the Base Hospital to regain his strength before joining the regiment. This was undoubtedly an exceptional case and we were all convinced before getting rid of this young man that he was thoroughly yellow. How much suffering he "posed" none of us will ever know; but at any rate, his experience showed a lack of co-ordination between the Hospital and the regiments in the field. Other similar experiences showed a real weakness in the Base Hospital's methods of discharging the men. No man should have been sent away from the Base Hospital without their first having made provision for returning him decently and safely to his command. It seemed to be the rule that whenever a doctor in charge of a ward decided that a boy was well enough to go back to the command,

he gave him a slip to that effect and turned him out. One day, on coming into San Antonio, I found that two boys were going to be turned out in a day or so and sent to Camp Wilson to enjoy the hospitality of the Third and Fourth Illinois until our return from Leon Springs. "But," said I, "the Third and Fourth Illinois are no longer at Camp Wilson, the only regiment left there is the Eighth Illinois, composed of negroes." So I requested the officers in charge of these wards to let the men remain at the Hospital until I could arrange for their suitable transportation to Leon Springs.

It must not be thought that these or any other criticisms are made in an unfriendly spirit. The regular army officers are, as a rule, splendid gentlemen, and as thoughtful, considerate and courteous as any that could be found. The mistakes that were made last summer were the mistakes of inexperience and of a colossal mushroom growth. The size of the Base Hospital was probably trebled after the National Guard was called into the service. So many additions, temporary and permanent were made; so many new helpers, nurses and medical reserve men were called into the service that the mistakes made were perfectly natural under the circumstances. From the reports of the boys, they received the best of attention at the Base Hospital. They also spoke with appreciation of the food.

It was an interesting experience to pass through the wards and hear a bit of uncensored border gossip. Probably two-thirds of the organizations along the International Line had their representative in this mammoth hospital. Rumor said that from five to fifteen wounded men came in each day as the result of Mexican snipers. But if this is true, the muzzle of silence kept it from the American people and the casual observer who inquired the why and wherefore of the wounded in these wards, was informed that they were suffering from the accidental discharge of their own or another's firearms. This explanation was so plausible that one might have been inclined to accept it at its face value if reason and common sense did not lead to the belief that, where there was so much ill will, so many miles of International border to be patrolled and such abundant opportunities for treacherous snipers to get in their dirty work, *all* the men who came back from the border to the Base Hospital were not wounded by their own or some comrade's carelessness.

This divergence from the real caption of the chapter has not, I hope, been unacceptable. Returning now to the sorrows which came to the men. I am reminded of an incident which happened just after the trumpeter had blown "taps." The telephone rang and he was told that there was a telegram for one of the boys, announcing the death of

his father. The news was really sadder than that, for the father had committed suicide after failing in business. The boy had been his father's assistant and felt that possibly his going away was responsible for his father's death. There was nothing for this young man to do but return to Chicago and try to save what he could of his father's business. So he was given a leave of absence and later discharged from the service. This is another indication of the grip which business must ever hold on the guardsman, and a consequent limitation to his thorough responsibility as a soldier. As a vocation, business is a jealous mistress, brooking no rivals, while on the other hand, war is the science of sciences, and he who half masters or half plays it, endangers not only himself but also his comrades, nation and cause.

However much the boys felt the loss of Sergeant Darrow, or that of a beloved mother, father, sister or brother, the thing that impressed me as the greatest tragedy of the summer was when a big six-foot, two hundred and fifty pound man received a telegram that his baby boy three years old had been stricken with infantile paralysis. Those who have known the joy of possessing a child of three years, who have felt the cold dread which even the suggestion of losing it may cause, have some idea how this helpless father felt, twelve

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The man who is being buried was a member of the Sixth Infantry and died of natural causes near San Antonio, Mexico. The Chaplain is reading the service as the body is being lowered into the grave.

hundred miles from home, upon receiving news of the death of his baby boy.

It will be observed that there was only one death in our regiment during the three and a half months we were in the service. Compare this with the story of '98, and the same regiment's mortality tables for the six and a half months it was in the federal service. Though our regiment did not lose a single man in battle during the Spanish-American War, it lost *eighty-four* men from disease; and even eighty-four to one does not express the real proportion of disease between the two summers. For virtually every soldier who returned from Cuba was either emaciated with disease or full of malaria, while those who came back from the Mexican border were as hard as rocks, and it would have been dangerous for them to have felt any better. The real proportion, therefore, between the summers of 1916 and 1898 is as follows: twelve hundred well men, minus one, are to one thousand sick men, minus eighty-four, as the sanitary efficiency of 1916 is to the sanitary ignorance of 1898. In other words, the *doctors,* they are the fellows who caused such a wonderful difference; after making every allowance for the yellow fever in Cuba.

For all that I may have written that seems critical of the Regular Army Medical Corps, they deserve, in my opinion, the largest credit of any single department of the regular army with which

we came into contact. I believe that our own medical officers of the First Illinois Infantry can stand shoulder to shoulder with any like group from the regular army in their knowledge, proficiency or skill as students or practitioners of medicine and surgery. In fact, if I had to submit to a surgical operation, I think I should prefer to have our surgeons do the work, but when it comes to sanitation, the regular army has just about reached perfection in its technique of preventive medicine.

The reason for President Wilson's continuation in the White House for a second term may lie at the door of the Regular Army Medical Corps. For if the people of the United States had been called upon to pay the price of '98 for the mobilization of its soldiers in the summer of 1916, I am confident that the American public would not have supported Woodrow Wilson for a second term. There have probably been many explanations of his victory at the polls, but apart from his support of the Adamson law, I present this as one of the most important considerations—"the bloodless campaign of 1916"—due not to the President's "too proud to fight" policies, but to the sanitary experts of the army. Without them he might have mobilized the Guard and still kept out of war with Mexico, but his act of mobilization alone would probably have cost more lives from disease than Mexican bullets could have killed in an open campaign of intervention.

CHAPTER X

HUMOROUS INCIDENTS

HUMOR and tragedy are the lights and shadows that lend perspective to human experiences. Laughter and tears are blended in our lives like the playful, sportive, intertwining of the sunshine and shade beneath the shelter of the oak. There are few places on this old earth where the shadows are so thick as to exclude the sunlight or where the rapture of the sunbeam is not heightened by the spiritual presence of its companion spirit, a bit of shade. Even heaven, according to Mark Twain, is made up of a mixture of joy and sorrow, for he says we can only appreciate the good things of life when we occasionally taste the bad, and I would sooner take Mark's word for it than that of any theologian to the contrary.

To illustrate how close the connection of pleasure and unhappiness is, the day before we left Springfield one of the boys introduced me to his sweetheart who had just arrived from Chicago with his parents to bid him good-bye. In a jesting way I asked, "Are you going to get married today?" The soldier looked thoughtful, his sweetheart raised her eyebrows, and the boy's mother winced.

Behold this innocent and quite natural remark caused a storm. About two hours later I received a telephone call asking if I could come to the city and marry them. They had already wired to her

The common carrier in Cananea.

parents and secured their assent, but the young people urged me to come at once to the hotel and pacify his parents who were bitterly opposed to the wedding. So proceeding to the Saint Nicholas I first found the boy's mother who exclaimed, "O why did

you say that, your remark kindled the smoldering embers and led them to do this foolish, foolish thing?" Then the father joined us and in a heart-broken voice said, "What earthly reason or sense is there in a marriage at this time? Suppose he is killed?" To which I answered, "Then his wife will draw a pension." So we proceeded to get the license, meeting a group of his Company on the street who immediately formed an escort of honor. Returning to the hotel they were married. Then the boy's parents refused to witness the marriage certificate, whereupon his comrades all volunteered to affix their signatures and vied with each other for the privilege. Their evident eagerness awakened a pang in the parental breasts and they both forthwith signed their names. Now wasn't this a beautiful example of the saline-admixture of joy? Wedding-bells and parents' tears, it has always been thus. Passing out of the parlor where the ceremony had just been performed I saw another of our boys and his sweetheart deeply engrossed in a loving argument. Stopping for a moment to joke with them, he said, "I'm trying to make her consent to our marriage, but she won't do it." Passing into the dining room where I had an engagement with some friends, I later saw this soldier lover and his girl come into the room and pay a dollar and a half for about five cents worth of food, the maximum amount which those who are desper-

Marriage of Lieutenant Keating at Camp Lincoln, Springfield, Ill.

ately in love can eat. Then before I had finished my meal the head-waiter came to me and said "Some young people are waiting for you in the parlor." After an hour's diligent work on the part of an enthusiastic little hotel-exchange girl we located the county clerk, secured a marriage license and married them. Then calling the soldier's Company commander I secured a few hours leave of absence for his honeymoon.

Cupid was pretty busy during the last few days that we were in the mobilization camp. Yet, even at that, he tried to make a better record while we were at San Antonio. I should not be surprised if the girls who married their sweethearts before they went to the Border were not wiser than their generation, and that some of the June weddings which were temporarily postoned will be consummated in a sunnier clime and with a few changes in the parties of the second part. But the Illinois girls never relinquished their proprietary interest in the boys. Hardly had we gotten settled at Camp Wilson when one of them decided that it would be a good plan to "cheer some lonesome soldier on the Border." Seeing my name in the paper she decided to comfort me with a bright, attractive letter. Had I not been official comforter for all the wives in the regiment as well as one of my own I might at least have answered this communication, but instead I passed the letter over to an eligible second

lieutenant who agreed to carry on the correspondence till death or marriage did them part. He received a great deal of cheer from this young lady, including cake, candy, and a box of cigars.

This first letter to a lonesome soldier was so attractive that Mr. Grey of the Chicago *Evening Post* asked for permission to publish it and recommend that other girls follow the example of this patriotic young woman, which they forthwith did. Letters to "lonesome soldiers" began to pour into the Chaplain's hands and there was no shortage of boys who were glad to answer them. In order to make the correspondence as interesting as possible I read all of these letters, trying to judge each girl's education and social position and choose a soldier-correspondent that would be compatible. As a result there were many humorous things which came to light. One letter read as follows, "Dear Chaplain: I am not a flirt, and I don't want to correspond with just anybody. I go to Sunday school every Sunday and I would like to correspond with a Protestant young man." Another requested that I choose a soldier with "blue eyes, light hair, and about six-feet two in height, for I am very tall myself." I got the hair and eyes all right but couldn't find the six-feet two, so compromised with something just as good, five-feet six, for I knew that Cupid was blind and that eugenic matches were a myth. From another girl I received several boxes

of cigars and a request that if I could find a young man with whom I would be willing "for my sister to correspond" that she would be glad to write to him. Getting rid of the cigars was easy, but choosing my quasi-brother-in-law was much harder. There were any number of men who would have delighted in corresponding with such a generous girl, but I quizzed them all as if they had been asking for a daughter's hand and finally chose an excellent young fellow. Even then I made a mistake, for on returning to Chicago he went to see this young lady just once. He found that she lived in a swell North Shore residence miles from the *street car* and not having a limousine he was faint-hearted,—the dub! The only letter that was prohibitive was from a young woman (?) who requested that if I could find "a young man about thirty-five years old who is free from all foolishness" she would be glad to correspond with him. I still have that letter and will be glad to turn it over to any gentle reader who thinks that he qualifies and is willing to run the risk of writing a letter and defraying the breach-of-promise suit that will follow. I received one other letter from a foreign woman that was so illiterate that I hastened to give it to our regimental clown, who was familiarly known as "Dutchy" or the "Kaiser." He received it gladly after first objecting that he was a Catholic and that probably I would not want to give it to

him because of his religious persuasion. After easing his mind on this point he wrote to the lady at once and received a bulky answer in the next mail, through which illiterate mass he insisted that I should read. As I glanced through the pages to satisfy his mind he remarked, "She says that she is young and unmarried but I think that she is old and married, what do you think, Chaplain? She seems to want to marry me. What do you think, shall I marry her?" "To be sure, Dutchy, marry her, of course." In about a month, after much more love-making and incinerator work (for that was the only thing that Dutchy had sense enough to do) he was back again. "Chaplain, she was a widow with three children. When I found that out I told her it was all off, and now she says that she is going to sue me for breach of promise." To those who have only trodden the conventional paths of life all of this may seem ridiculously silly, but no work is too silly for an army chaplain to do if it gives any pleasure or renders any service to his boys. In the words of Omar Khayyam, the army chaplain must—

> Make the most of what we yet may spend,
> Before we, too, into the Dust descend.
> * * * * *
> Would you that spangle of Existence spend
> About the Secret—quick about it, Friend!
> *A Hair perhaps divides the False and True—*
> *And upon what, prithee, may life depend?*

The First Illinois Infantry has some extremely interesting historical memorials and it was decided this summer to add to these a picture of every man who participated in the summer on the Border. For this reason orders were given the Company commanders that they should have pictures taken of their companies showing every man in each organization, and that there "should be no dogs, women, civilians nor any other damn thing in these pictures." This order will be remembered as one of the most amusing things of the summer. It may sound a trifle harsh to those who do not understand the trials of a regimental commander, but if any critic could see the variety of mongrel dogs which are adopted by a military organization he would then understand the justice of this portion of the order at least. Then harsh as it may sound, women are a great nuisance to a military camp. It has been said that during the Civil War one of the Union generals loaded a boat full of camp followers and sent them away from his army. A military camp is no place for a woman, whether that woman be wife, sweetheart, innocently curious maiden or camp follower. The good women as well as the bad demoralize discipline and reduce the efficiency of the organization. But the civilians are the limit. Some of them try to move their boarding house to your camp. Most of them are trying to sell something to the of-

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Blanket tossing for a camp pastime has no equal for the soldiers on the border as they gently heave their protesting comrade into the air and give him the benefit of a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country. For the man in the blanket the sport loses its charm after the second toss.

ficers and boys; and they all hang around asking foolish questions by the million. So I think that I have explained away any of the harshness that the Colonel's order seemed to carry and we have simply the pleasant memory of his unique way of expressing himself. But the Colonel was always so set in his ways that a good joke on him is not to be forgotten.

On the trip to San Antonio while eating breakfast with Colonels Sanborn and Eddy our train pulled up at some little station in Oklahoma. Colonel Eddy was on a diet and so I remarked that we might be able to get some milk for him. To which Colonel Sanborn answered, "They don't have milk in bottles at these small stations." "But, Colonel, they might have it in bulk." "Try if you like, but I tell you now that it is impossible." Whereupon I called one of the natives who was passing and giving him an aluminum army cup requested him to buy some milk. "That's the last that you will ever see of that cup," said the Colonel. In a few minutes the man returned with the cup full of real milk that had not been devitalized by a separator. Not being able to resist the temptation I said, "Colonel, what about the cup?" "It was my suggestion in the first place," said he, "didn't I tell you they wouldn't have any bottled milk?"

At another time the same day our train stopped "somewhere on the M. K. and T." and Richard

Henry Little, correspondent of the Chicago *Herald* and a scribbling knight of many wars, decided to get off a message to his paper. Immediately after he had disembarked our train pulled out, leaving him and a Mr. Wilson, Second Lieutenant of "B" Co., in the depot. Those of us who were viewing the country from the dome of the caboose saw Mr. Wilson rush out and pursue the train down the right of way, while Mr. Little requisitioned a horse and buggy and raced down the country road running parallel to the railroad track. In the meanwhile every soldier on the train had become aware that somebody was left and about four-hundred men had their arms and heads out of the train windows attempting to signal the engineer. It was a merry bedlam. With so many arms going the engineer could not get the conductor's signal at all, so that finally the latter jumped off of the train and getting out on the right of way signalled the engineer for a stop. After a few minutes the delinquents arrived, Mr. Wilson nearer dead than alive and the correspondent with the solemn words, "Never again do I leave a troop train."

Before going to Leon Springs we were warned by the citizens of San Antonio that we would find the red-bugs or jiggers quite numerous and that we had better prepare to meet the situation. The warning was as little heeded as George Washington's advice to General Braddock with the result

that our visit culminated in the same disastrous way. We were literally eaten alive by these insignificant little pests. Not only the men but even the horses which we had taken with us from Illinois were bitten so badly that welts appeared all over their bodies. The number of remedies which immediately sprang into fame were as numerous as the household remedies for a cold. The way the officers and men mixed these remedies was like the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. Some men recommended Life Bouy soap because it had carbolic acid in it, others were strong for Fels Naptha because of its alkali, still others used kerosene oil, the doctors prepared a salve which contained a little bit of everything, and finally the Colonel had a sort of ink eradicator in two bottles, —apply one first he said and after that dried apply the other. I used them all, usually keeping a pan of water and a bar of Life Buoy beside my cot at night. Then when some jigger visited my owl restaurant in the wee small hours of the night I would serve him an a La Aqua Life Buoy Rub. In other words if this menu card is unintelligible to you, when some jigger who had been overlooked began to feast upon my body I would dip the soap into the water and rub the spot energetically. Some of the men took a shower bath just before retiring and after making a great lather of their favorite soap let it dry on their bodies and then went to their

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Showing the tug-of-war, one of the many sports indulged in by the United States troops on the border.

blankets hoping that they might be able to sleep. At night the men organized what they called jigger hunts. One would strip to the waist while another held a candle and some jigger soothing syrup and looked over his body for the troublesome places. I have never seen but one thing similar to this and that was two monkeys engaged in the fraternal pastime of flea hunting. On passing the boys' pup-tents after taps two sounds smote your ears, gentle oaths and loud scratching—for while talking is prohibited after taps there is no rule against scratching. In retrospection our jigger experiences are very amusing, but not so then. The only boast I ever heard from Colonel Sanborn and one of his longest speeches was in connection with the jiggers. He said in derision of the seeming discomfort that they were causing everybody, "I once had half of the jiggers in Mexico on me at one time."

In the same class with the jiggers came the ticks, scorpions and tarantulas. If you brushed against the mesquite trees or rested in the shade of the bushes you always had a fair chance to gather a crop of ticks. Then the scorpions and tarantulas were extremely friendly. If you did not shake your shoes in the morning you might put your foot on a tarantula. The same was true of your clothing roll and bedding. On rainy nights, particularly, the scorpions crawl into your tent and in their

search for the driest, warmest spot possible eventually find their way up the sides of your cot and under your blanket. Some people even in their sleep object to having scorpions crawl over their faces. When anyone expressed this objection the scorpion usually left a sting and vanished into the night. Scorpion stings are not serious as many people think, else about half of our regiment would be dead, and not a few would have been dead, hypothetically speaking, many times. The treatment of scorpion stings is very simple; iodine is painted over the affected part and acts as a counter-irritant. Moreover the Texas tarantula seems to lack the venom of his southern cousin, his bite is not considered deadly.

One of the cooks told of an amusing experience that throws some light on the food that the men were served after the government had furnished blanks upon which to requisition supplies. Major Davis had been inpecting the company's mess and his brow began to draw in a frown. Without saying a word he turned his back and went away. He looked so angry that the cook was concerned lest there was something wrong and following the Major he saluted and said, "If there is anything wrong, Sir, I wish you would tell me." "Wrong, who said anything was wrong?" "Well, you looked so angry, Sir." "Angry? Well I guess I am, for we are not getting as good a mess as that

at the officers' table and have to pay a dollar a day for it."

It would be base ingratitude not to mention Benny Rothschild of "D" Company, one of the premier cooks of the regiment. One day as I was passing Benny invited me to see a sight that would have inspired Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens and Michelangelo to more surpassing achievements than they ever reached. He opened the oven door and revealed four wonderfully juicy, deliciously browned, Swift Premium Hams. After a moment of speechlessness, I said, "Benny, we ought to have a photographer take a picture of that and send it to the city papers. It would make the United States Army overflow with enlistments. Accepting Benny's invitation to return after taps and sample these hams I was on the job at the appointed hour. As a result I was treated to one of the novel little incidents of camp life. A certain rookie in "D" Company was not as cleanly as some of his tent mates thought that he ought to be; and so they, *vi et armis,* stripped off his clothes, bore him to the bath-house, covered his body with fly paper and pointed to the shower baths as his only possible relief. But alas for the dirty rookie, the fly paper cleaved so closely to the skin that water alone would not relieve him, and application had to be made to the top-sergeant for tar soap to assist the process.

Other cooks that had the devotion of the men were Jack Allen of "A" Company and Jim Davidson of "C." I shall never forget one morning at Leon Springs as Jim Davidson passed from the commissary with a cigarette in his mouth, a smile on his face and a box of canned goods in his arms. To every one who would listen he announced "Canned Chicken," and I question seriously whether the angels on that first Christmas night ever sang "Joy to the earth, good will to man" with any more feeling or enthusiasm than Jim threw into those simple but eloquent words, "Canned Chicken." Nothing counts more in the building up of an army than a well-balanced, well-cooked ration. It is better for a company to be short a commissioned officer than for it to want a good cook. As the Adjutant said in my hearing one day, "If the band is expected to furnish us any music we must see that they have a good cook for the Headquarters Company." The same thing might just as truly be said of any military unit from that of a company to an army corps. The cooks in the army hold the happiness and efficiency of the men in the hollow of their skillets; a greasy, dirty, grouchy cook has three chances a day to spoil the stomachs and spirits of a hundred men. With an adjutant, a surgeon, three majors, and fifteen cooks who know the military game I believe that I could organize a regiment that would

Another wedding at Camp Lincoln.

be second to none in the United States. All of the officers, including the *a priori* colonel, might not be able to pass the War Department's examinations, but then there are probably a good many generals in the European trenches who couldn't do that and even Francisco Villa might have difficulty securing a second lieutenant's commission in the United States Army.

As I visited among the boys and went through their company streets at night I saw a good many interesting problems they had to solve, which, while they will never go on the records of the War Department, were in their strategy and good common sense much more astute and successful than the program of the General Staff or the cross-eyed policies of our government with relation to Mexico. In "L" Company there was a Polish squad, whose corporal was Stanley Matuga. One night I found Corporal Matuga standing beside his pup-tent with the air of a conqueror. Asking the reason for his Napoleonic attitude he pointed to a large red-ants' nest about a foot from his tent. Owing to the linguistic limitations of Corporal Matuga his comrades explained the situation to me. It seems that every night when Matuga wrapped his blanket about him and sought the comfort of well-earned rest, that these ants persisted in returning to their nest over Matuga's face. Now Matuga had not lost the pride of old

Poland during the few brief years of his residence in America. He still possessed the spirit of a race that rendered Europe a service second to none when it stemmed the tide of Mohammedan invasion and defeated the Turks beneath the walls of Vienna. So Corporal Matuga resented the continual insult of having ants step all over his face; and securing a quantity of crude oil he poured a ring about their nest, then filled their subterranean home with more of his incendiary fluid and ignited the oil at both places. Love and logic are wasted on ants, they don't understand the language. Neither do the Mexicans. We who have been their best friends are more hated by them than any other people on the face of the globe. Every act of kindness, all of our forbearance, the protection which our country has given them against European aggrandizement, they have answered by insulting our flag, robbing our citizens, murdering our women and children and hating everything American. President Wilson sent our Army and Navy to Vera Cruz to enforce a salute to the Stars and Stripes; did he get it? Not much! They just continued to walk on our faces and disturb our wonted peace and quietude. Why? Because President Wilson forgot that like the ants the Mexican people haven't a college education and he has tried to reason and love them out of a habit which they have formed of stepping on our

national pride and honor whenever they feel like it.

Another problem which the boys had to meet in making their pup-tents comfortable was the large number of embedded surface stones upon which they had to sleep. I have seen them remove a stone with their bayonets that was as large as an ordinary pillow, and that would be only one of a number that would have to be taken out before their pup-tents were habitable. Nor was it to be supposed that at the end of a long day's hike they would be able to accomplish such a task the same day they arrived at a new camp, and so they sometimes slept for a night or so with these huge bumps prodding them in the back.

The situations which all of the national guard organizations had to meet in the securing of horses and mules was the occasion of rare humor. We were probably in San Antonio a month before we received more than a dozen animals. It was only a day or so before we were to leave for our first hike that anything like a sufficient number was issued to us. Why wild horses and mules should have been issued to us at such a time is beyond the comprehension of any sensible person. Certainly the regular army would not have had such treatment, and nearly all of our boys were city bred, knowing absolutely nothing about the twin-six cylinders of a mule. One of the lieutenants of our machine gun company, a frail man himself, has

thus described the way in which the government issued its mules to the National Guard: "We got orders to go over to the re-mount station and get our mules, and this is what I saw. A regular army officer seated upon a camp-chair ordered the cowboys to rope our mules. From the drove of hundreds and thousands the required number were separated. Then one of these was lassoed and a half dozen burly negroes dragged him into the presence of the Captain. 'What is his number?' says the Captain, for each mule and horse has a government number cut into its hoof. 'Number 436, Sir,' says the supervising sergeant. 'Clean the hoof off and bring him a little nearer so that I can see it,' says the Captain. So the six negroes yank the mule up a little nearer and the sergeant takes a long pole with a mop on the end of it and washes or scrapes off the mule's hoof. The Captain leans forward in his chair, verifies the number, writes it down on his memorandum, and turning to a one hundred and twenty pound national guardsman says, 'All right, take your mule.' Thus these Missouri cherry-blossoms passed into the possession of the National Guard. Is it any wonder that these Sons of Missouri—unbroken, wicked as Satan, stronger than a grass rope—sometimes escaped from the National Guard? The first hike that we took, the Seventh Illinois Infantry hitched up their mules the night before

so that they might be ready to start the next morning. Even at that it was almost impossible for the supply wagons or machine guns to keep up with the organizations. After we had been out on a hike for two or three hours along would come a machine gun company that belonged to some regiment ahead of us. If you have ever seen anyone try to drive chickens you have an idea how those mules behaved. The only sure way to make them go forward was to back two mules together and let them wear each other out. If we had ever had an action on one of our earlier hikes the machine guns would have been of as much service as "canned-dog."

Music was a big factor in the lives of the boys. On the march, in the company streets at night, and on a rainy day within the tents there was always a song in the air. I spent the whole of a very disagreeable afternoon listening to the vocal and instrumental music of "M" Company. They had brought with them from Chicago their little hand-organ, and to its accompanying strains they sang everything from sacred music to the latest popular "hits." "L" Company boasted of a splendid quartet. "H" Company was blessed with a member who played an harmonica as if it were a whole orchestra. I have seen the entire Company gathered about him at night singing one song after the other. There is nothing finer that soldiers can do.

It uplifts the spirit of the camp and makes every one from the Colonel to the youngest rookie feel contented and secure. More than once I have heard the officers say, "When they are singing we know that everything is all right." Some of the companies sang songs which were elegant, others songs that were vulgar. The songs that companies sing serve as criteria of character by which you can not only judge the standard of the boys but even more the character of their officers. The favorite song of the regiment was:

I want a girl just like the girl
That married dear old dad;
She was a pearl, and the only girl
That daddy ever had;
A good, old-fashioned girl
With heart so true,
One who loves nobody else but you;
I want a girl just like the girl
That married dear old dad.

The men of "A" Company had a new version of the "Old Oaken Bucket" which they accommodated to their company officers:

The Old Company Tooth Brush
The Old Company Tooth Brush
The Old Company Tooth Brush
That hung in the Sink;
First it was Borgmeier's,
Then it was Cheney's,
Then it was Frisbie's,

And now it is ours;
The Old Company Tooth Brush
The Old Company Tooth Brush
The Old Company Tooth Brush
That hung in the Sink.

For the benefit of any visitor the boys would slightly change the words and hospitably invite him to share the use of their company brush.

COLONEL JOSEPH B. SANBORN
Commanding First Illinois Infantry, N. G.

APPENDIX

HISTORY OF THE FIRST ILLINOIS INFANTRY*

(1874-1917)

EVERY organization of value to the public is known favorably or unfavorably by its history. If that history has been creditable it becomes an element of stability and strength as the years pass. If its traditions are the result of high ideals, and its past record has been uniformly good, the active members have an incentive to maintain these traditions and to add new glory and attempt larger and more honorable achievements for their organization. The regimental spirit of the First Illinois Infantry has never wavered because in its beginning it was started on the highest plane by men of clean cut character and forceful, enthusiastic ability.

The first meeting looking to the organization of a regiment of militia in Chicago was held on the evening of August 25, 1874, in response to a call

*I wish to express my obligation to Captain Harry Francis Keator from whose historical sketch of the First Infantry in the Official Program of the National Military Tournament I have drawn most of the data and portions of the narrative for this chapter.

in the newspapers inviting all young men interested in the formation of a military organization to meet at the Grand Pacific Hotel. The gathering was well attended and very enthusiastic. It was followed by a second meeting on August 28th, at which time the charter members were enrolled. Subsequent meetings were held early in September at the Sherman House and at the Tremont House. Guerdon S. Hubbard, Jr., very generously offered his building on State Street, without compensation, for the use of the embryonic regiment, until definite arrangements could be made for an armory. The next meeting was held at that place on September 8, 1874, where Companies A, B and C were enrolled, and as a result the oldest military organization in the State of Illinois came into existence.

The organizers of the First Infantry were representative young men from the finest families in the City of Chicago. Its charter-roll bespeaks culture, wealth, influence and leadership. Many independent organizations wanted admittance as soon as the success of the Regiment was assured, but few were received. General Frank T. Sherman was elected Major of the Battalion, and on the accession of Companies D, E and F, was elected Lieutenant-Colonel. The first regimental staff appointed by Lieutenant-Colonel Sherman consisted of First Lieutenant James H. Haynie, Adjutant;

First Lieutenant Charles H. Gillespie, Quartermaster; Major Ben C. Miller, Surgeon; Captain Henry Cooper, First Assistant-Surgeon; First Lieutenant E. W. Sawyer, Second Assistant-Surgeon; Captain David Swing, Chaplain.

In 1875 the Regiment's strength was increased to ten companies and A. C. McClung was elected Colonel. The same year on May 13th, General J. D. Webster, on behalf of Mrs. Jesse Whitehead and a number of other young ladies, presented the Regiment with its first stand of colors. On the afternoon of the same day, the Regiment made its first appearance on the streets in uniform, acting as escort to the Grand Army of the Republic at its annual meeting. The showing made was phenomenal. Eight months prior there was not a man, uniform nor gun on hand as the nucleus for a military organization, but on this day the Regiment turned out with ten companies fully organized, armed and equipped with some five hundred and twenty men in line. The effect on the citizens of Chicago was in the nature of a genuine surprise party, and the Regiment sprang at a bound into the great popularity which it has ever since retained.

In 1878 the question of a permanent armory was agitated; and after much hard work and a great deal of diplomacy, the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company was induced to erect the old Jack-

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES M. EDDY
First Illinois Infantry, N. G.

son Street Armory and issue a ten years' lease to the Regiment. The armory was formally dedicated October 29, 1878. At the end of its ten year lease, it was evident to everyone that the armory was inadequate and that it would be folly to renew their lease for another term of years. In order to provide a permanent and beautiful home for the Regiment an Armory Committee was appointed and out of this there grew the First Infantry Armory Association. The ground for the new armory at Michigan Boulevard and 16th Street was broken on Saturday, April 12, 1890, by Colonel Chas. R. E. Koch, in the presence of the entire Regiment. The corner stone was laid on Saturday, July 12, 1890, amid very elaborate ceremonies. The armory was formally occupied September 8, 1891. Unfortunately, it was destroyed by fire in 1893, but was rebuilt and occupied by the Regiment a second time in October, 1894. This is a splendid home for a regiment with handsomely furnished club rooms, billiard room, bowling alleys, rifle and revolver ranges, gymnasium and shower baths. But after twenty-three years of service is now inadequate and will probably be replaced in the near future with a million dollar home for Chicago's oldest and best Regiment.

In December, 1890, Companies C and I of the Fourth Infantry, known as the Oakland Rifles, were transferred to the First Infantry as Com-

panies L and M, thus completing the twelve com panies of our Regiment; and so it remained unt the summer of 1916 when through the re-organiza tion of the Guard and the regular army fiftee companies were required for each regiment, th three additional units being called the Headquar ters, Supply and Machine Gun Companies.

There are three things of which the First In fantry may justly be proud, viz., its influence i cementing the good-will of the South and North the thorough and expeditious services it has ren dered the State of Illinois in seasons of crisis, an the immortal sacrifices of 1898.

It can be safely said that no National Guard or ganization in the United States has travelled mor widely nor rendered a larger service of friend liness and good will than the First Infantry o Illinois. The First has ever been the representa tive of Chicago and Illinois. Its spirit has, there fore, never been either provincial, mean or belit tling. No racial nor sectional prejudice ha marked its life, it has always been generous an friendly to other organizations because knowin its own worth and high standards it could be dem ocratic without becoming vile. In its ranks as pr vates are always to be found men of such abilit that they would instantly be seized upon and com missioned officers in less fortunate regiments. Bu many of them have proudly said in my hearin

MAJOR ABEL DAVIS
First Illinois Infantry, N. G.

that they would rather be privates in the First Illinois Infantry than officers in any other organization they knew. There are artists, writers, lawyers, doctors, druggists, chemical engineers ad infinitum, who wear no mark of distinction other than that which is given to them by the fact that they are members of the First Infantry of Illinois.

Men of this type are not often petty in their thinking nor narrow in their prejudices. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that on May 30, 1895, the First Illinois Infantry fired three volleys over the graves of the Confederate soldiers buried at Oakwood Cemetery on the dedication of the Confederate Monument. That the South appreciated this honor to her dead was shown by the reception of the First on its southern trip in November of the same year, when the regiment acted as escort to the Citizens' Association of Chicago on their trip to the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta and through the South.

On Friday, November 8, 1895, the Regiment with the Veteran Corps and band left Chicago for a trip through the South. The first stop was at Nashville where the citizens had made elaborate preparations for their entertainment. Rain spoiled everything except the band and glee club concerts which were given that evening at the skating rink. When the band opened its concert with a medley including "Dixie" and "My Maryland," two com-

panies of Confederate Veterans started a yell that drowned the music. All Nashville joined in their entertainment. The next morning, the Regiment arrived at Atlanta, where they formed an imposing feature of Illinois Day at the Exposition, marching from the City to the Exposition Grounds along the famous Peach Tree Avenue. Leaving Atlanta Tuesday evening they arrived in Savannah Wednesday. Here the citizens and military organizations gave them a royal welcome. In the morning they gave a street parade and in the afternoon a review, drill and parade on the military reservation of the city, theirs being the first northern organization which was ever allowed on the grounds. The same evening they entrained for Charleston, South Carolina, arriving there about eleven o'clock the next morning. The people of the city had been waiting for hours in anticipation of the parade and in order not to disappoint them it was carried out immediately in spite of the fact that the men had had no breakfast. At about two o'clock breakfast and dinner were combined in one without bad results. In the afternoon the Regiment was shown around the city and many were taken down the Bay to Fort Sumter, Sullivan's Island, and other points of historic interest. On Friday morning the Regiment visited Augusta, a city which at that time retained all the characteristics of ante-bellum days. As usual, they were

MAJOR JOHN V. CLINNIN
First Illinois Infantry, N. G.

hospitably entertained and shown local points of interest. The next morning they were in Chattanooga where the day was spent in visiting the historic battlefields of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. The following day they arrived in Cincinnati where the armory of the First Regiment of Ohio was placed at their disposal. After a very agreeable day the Regiment again embarked, arriving home on Monday morning after a delightful tour of practically ten days. This trip was an extensive one for a military organization the size of the First, and is noteworthy because of the fact that there was not a single breach of discipline nor of deportment, neither an accident of any kind.

In 1898 the Regiment had planned an extensive tour through Canada, purposing to visit Toronto and Montreal, and return home by way of Boston, New York, Washington and Gettysburg; but the plans were abandoned on account of the Spanish-American War.

In October, 1901, the First acted as escort to the Governor of Illinois at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo.

On July 16, 1904, the Regiment visited the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, remaining there for a week. Every member of the Regiment was provided with a white duck uniform, to be worn when off duty at the Fair. As usual they created a very favorable impression upon the pub-

lic as well as the officers of the Exposition and of the United States Army stationed in St. Louis.

Again in 1906 the First Infantry was chosen to act as the escort of honor for the Honorable Charles S. Deneen, Governor of Illinois, and for the Illinois-Vicksburg Military Park Commission at the dedication of the $250,000 memorial temple erected in honor of the Illinois soldiers who fell in the siege of Vicksburg. On this occasion the Regiment visited Jackson, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, and Memphis. This was one of the most interesting trips in the history of the First Infantry, and the princely, world-famed reputation for hospitality of the South was fully maintained throughout the entire trip.

Finally in July of 1915, as the escort for Mayor Thompson of Chicago, the First Infantry, with its gentlemen's band, its machine guns, mules, horses, hospital corps and indeed everything except wagons and ammunition made the most memorable trip of all to the San Diego and Panama Expositions. We visited Kansas City, Mo., Las Vegas, N. M., Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, and Denver. At Kansas City we gave a parade; at Las Vegas the band gave a concert and I preached a sermon, standing on a camp chair in the city park, to Mexicans, Indians, Americans, and soldiers. At Los Angeles we were met by a bunch of old First Infantry boys who verily

wept to see the old Regiment and wined and dined and entertained us as if it was the last chance they would ever have to see the boys of the First. At San Diego we gave a parade, and Mayor Thompson entertained the officers at dinner. The chief memory I have of this dinner was my sympathy for Mrs. Thompson who had to dance with all the officers and reporters at the banquet. "Poor thing," thought I, "she has a harder job than a preacher's wife." At San Francisco we acted as the escort of honor for Governor Dunne, but Illinois Day was ruined by the sad news of the Eastland disaster. After several days here we returned home by way of Salt Lake City, where we were royally entertained with a concert in the tabernacle and a dip in the Lake. At Denver we were given another wonderful reception and banquet by the citizens of the City and the National Guard of the State.

The First Infantry has represented Chicago and Illinois in the South, the East and the West, and wherever it has gone it has so conducted itself that the names of Illinois, Chicago and the First Infantry have come to be synonymous of nobility, patriotism and a united Republic. It has aided in healing the wounds of the Civil War, it has stirred cities and states with a revelation of what the National Guard can become, and it has [illegible] the

MAJOR EDWARD BITTEL
First Illinois Infantry, N. G.

eyes of thousands to the orderliness and gentility of the "Dandy First."

The distinctive services to the State of Illinois in the suppression of riots have been many.

In February, 1875, a riotous demonstration was made upon the building of the Relief and Aid Society. The prompt assembling of the First Infantry and the knowledge that it was fully armed and equipped, ready for instant duty, probably had a greater effect than any other cause in preventing an outbreak.

The Regiment's first experience in actual service was in the memorable railroad riots of 1877. It was several times attacked by mobs but succeeded by the free use of the bayonet in dispersing them without firing a single shot or taking a single life. On the day following the railroad riots, the Regiment left Chicago by train for Braidwood where it assisted in quelling a riot among the coal miners.

Nearly ten years later, the Regiment was called into service to assist in quelling the riots at the Union Stock Yards. On arriving at Forty-third Street the troops were marched across the viaduct on which a large crowd of men was assembled. As the soldiers advanced the crowd retired. When the command entered the district known as "Packing-town" the mob, which numbered about seven thousand, precipitately fled.

It was not until eight years later that the Regi-

ment was called again, and then it made a record for prompt mobilization under difficulties. A strike was on among the coal miners of the State and some violence had occurred, but there was no intimation that a Chicago regiment would be needed. The call came about two o'clock in the afternoon of June 6, 1894. The summer half-holidays had just commenced and the rifle range at Camp Logan, near the Wisconsin State Line, was open. As a result the members of the Regiment were scattered all over the city and suburbs and many were at the range, but at seven o'clock on the same evening the organization, fully equipped, marched from the armory to the Illinois Central Depot and the next morning was at Pana in the southern part of the State. From all accounts, a warm reception was expected but none developed. A month later, the Regiment was called into service on account of the "Pullman" or "Debs" railway strike. This service lasted from twenty-seven to thirty-three days, the Regiment being withdrawn in detachments. It is significant that the organization was on duty for such a long time, executing every order and performing every duty with promptness and without fear or favor, and returned to the armory bearing the commendation of the vast majority of the strikers as well as of the corporate interests.

On August 15, 1908, the Regiment was again

—*Courtesy, Gibson, Sykes & Fowler.*

SURGEON-MAJOR GEORGE C. AMERSON

First Illinois Infantry, N. G.

called into active service to assist in quelling the race riots at Springfield. The call was received at eleven a.m. on Saturday, a half-holiday, when members of the Regiment were preparing to take the usual week-end trips to escape a hot Sunday in the city. Seventy-five men with Colonel Sanborn were at Camp Logan where they were engaged in a competition for places on the Illinois State Rifle Team. A special train was ordered and they reached Chicago in time to leave with the Regiment at three o'clock for Springfield where they arrived that night at nine o'clock. The Regiment was immediately detailed to patrol and guard duty. Five days of work, under a broiling hot sun, restored order sufficiently to warrant the Regiment's return to Chicago.

Finally, the First served in the War with Spain as the First Infantry Illinois Volunteers and made its full sacrifice to free Cuba from the yoke of tyranny and vindicate the honor of our country. Eighty-four of our boys were buried at Santiago, at sea, at Tampa, at Camp Wickoff, etc. But this was only a part of the sacrifice, for those who returned were full of fever, chills and malaria, more dead than alive.

When the Maine was destroyed in Havana harbor in the spring of 1898, and war with Spain became a certainty, recruits came to the First as never before, every company's emergency list was

full to overflowing. When President McKinley's call for volunteers was made, the Regiment immediately responded as an organization and left for Springfield on the evening of April 26th under the command of Colonel H. L. Turner, Lieutenant-Colonel Geo. V. Lauman, Majors Jos. B. Sanborn, Edgar B. Tolman, and James M. Eddy. On Friday, May 13th, the First was mustered into the United States service. By orders from the government, every company had been cut down to eighty-one men and three officers. On May 18th, the Regiment entrained for the National Military Park at Chickamauga, Georgia.

In a beautiful camp near the Alexander Bridge in the National Military Park, the real preparation for the work ahead began,—equipment was perfected, a wagon train organized, and ammunition issued. The constant efforts of the officers and the enthusiastic and intelligent co-operation of the men were soon felt, and when the inspection by army officers was made for the purpose of selecting a few regiments from the many to proceed to Tampa, Florida (the port of embarkation for Cuba), the First was one of the few chosen.

Marching across the country to Ringgold, Georgia, the First entrained on June 2nd for Tampa. On arriving there it relieved the First United States Infantry on Picnic Island and took up the duty of guarding the docks, railroad terminals and

CAPTAIN WILLIAM Y. HENDRON
Adjutant of the First Illinois Infantry, N. G.

transports at Port Tampa. Drill was not neglected, however, and the work of instruction went on at night as well as in the day. Because of the shortage in transports the Regiment did not sail with the Fifth Army Corps to Santiago, a memory very unpleasant to the men of '98. So they stayed behind and continued to work and hope. Here three hundred recruits joined the Regiment, raising the strength of each company to one hundred and six men and three officers. Here also was created, by details of officers and men, a provisional company of engineers which later was with General Miles in Porto Rico.

Late in June there was another inspection and two volunteer regiments, the First Illinois and the First District of Columbia, were chosen from the dozen or more encamped about Tampa to form a part of the first re-inforcing expedition. On June 30th, they sailed on the steamers "Gate City" and "City of Macon," forming with the vessels which carried Randolph's Artillery Brigade and the First District of Columbia, and the gunboats convoying them, quite an imposing fleet. After passing many of the vessels of Sampson's and Schley's historic fleets at Guantanamo, the First Illinois Volunteers landed at Siboney, Cuba, on the 9th and 10th of July. Leaving a detachment of three hundred men at Siboney for duty at the yellow fever hospital and on commissary work, the First

CAPTAIN CARROLL M. GALE
First Illinois Infantry, N. G.

marched to the front on the afternoon and evening of the 10th and went into the trenches on the San Juan hills between Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders on the left and the First District of Columbia on the right. There they remained in mud and almost constant rain until the surrender of the city and the Spanish Army on the 17th.

Then the battalions were separated, and for the next month guarded Spanish prisoners, rustled commissary and quartermaster's stores, and made themselves generally useful, all the time fighting the fever and seeing the thoroughbred comrades of yesterday fall beneath this dread disease. On the 25th of August, the First Infantry Illinois Volunteers dropped down Santiago Bay aboard the "City of Berlin," the last regiment of the Fifth Army Corps to leave the Island of Cuba.

It was with pleasure not unmixed with sorrow that the Regiment took its last long look at the quaint Spanish city, the castle of Moro, the wrecks of the Merrimac and Mercedes, for the grave held many of their comrades, others were in hospitals and many had long since been sent North to linger and die. On September 1st, the Regiment reached Camp Wickoff at Montauk, Long Island, N. Y., and on the 7th left for Chicago. But it was not until November 17th that they were mustered out of the Federal service and became once again cit-

izen soldiers—the First Infantry, Illinois National Guard.

The story of 1916 is told in previous chapters. One thing remains; gathered about the First Illinois Infantry is a splendid group of men who are known as the Veteran Corps, and who occupy the same relationship to our Regiment as the G. A. R. to the armies of the Union. These are great fellows who cannot relinquish entirely their love for the game nor their devotion and fond memories as soldiers of the First. *God bless them all! In those grand old gray uniforms, with their jolly, manly swinging stride, they are the living embodiment of the noble achievements and high ideals which have ever characterized the "Dandy First."* They are not "dead ones" either, but are full of the "pep" that characterized them when they bore the standard of the First Infantry through riots and strikes and the campaign of '98. Moreover when we were on the Border last summer they busied themselves in relieving the dependents that were left behind. So much so that some of the boys' families got better care from the Veteran Corps than they did when the boys were at home. Now the Veteran Corps is waiting and watching to see just what they can do for the old regiment. They are a live bunch with their hearts always in the right place. To give the names of the distinguished citizens of Chicago who have been

members of the First and associated later with its Veteran Corps would be like calling the roll of Chicago's Blue Book. The young man who enlists in the First Infantry of Illinois is to be congratulated for he immediately becomes heir to the noblest traditions and the finest comradeship that Chicago can afford. For three years I was a student in the University of Chicago, for two years I was pastor of a church in that city, but the rarest fellowship, the dearest memories I have of Chicago cluster about the Armory at 16th and Michigan and my association with the officers and men of the "Dandy First."

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